

PREMIER ISSUE

30 Years Ago: Elvis Joins the Army

Memories

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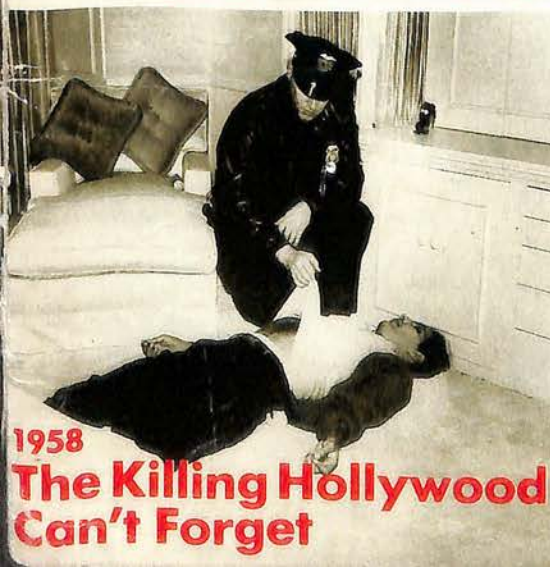
The Magazine of Then and Now



1963
If JFK Had Lived

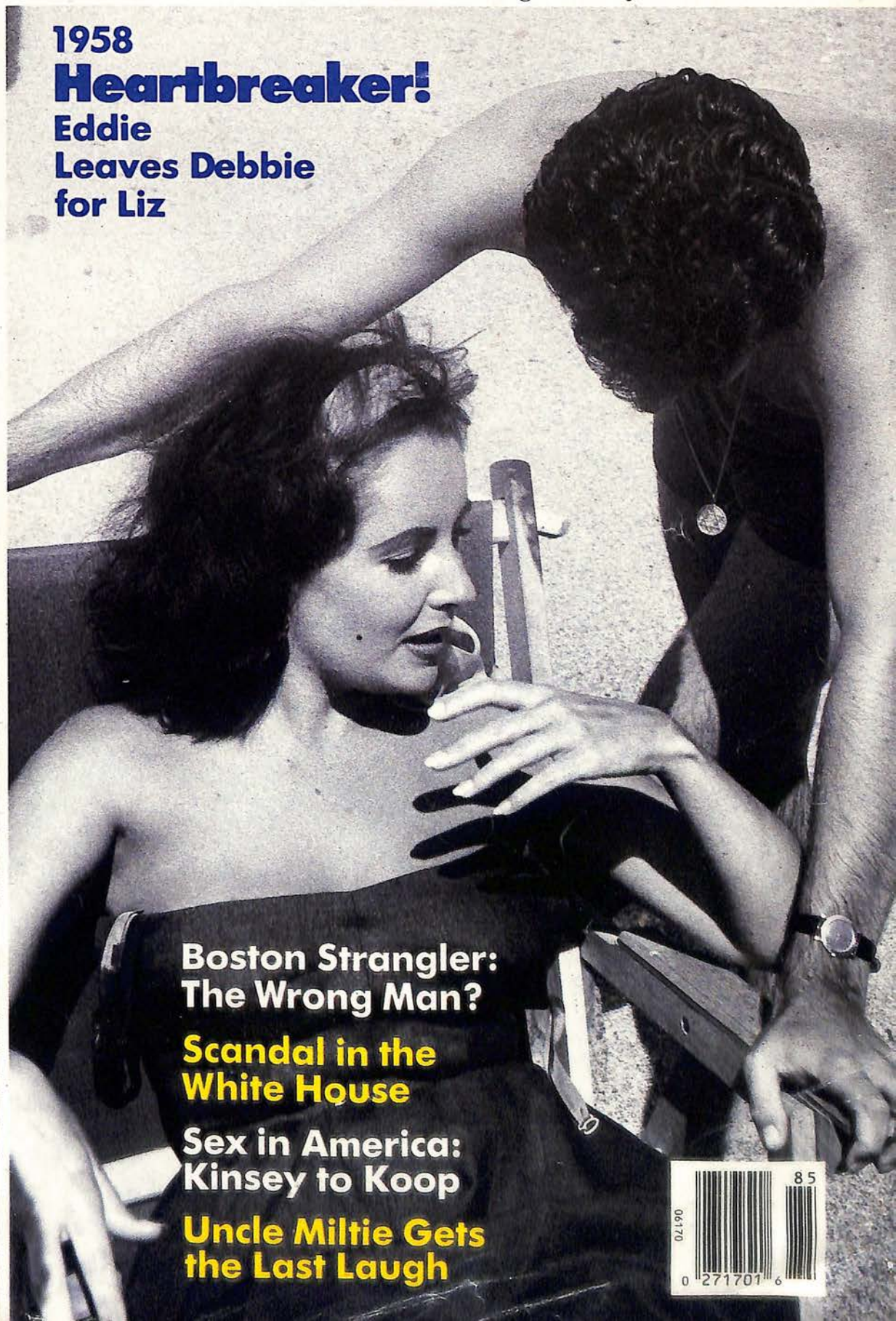


1948
Why Jane Left Ronnie



1958
The Killing Hollywood Can't Forget

1958
Heartbreaker!
Eddie
Leaves Debbie
for Liz



Boston Strangler:
The Wrong Man?

Scandal in the
White House

Sex in America:
Kinsey to Koop

Uncle Miltie Gets
the Last Laugh



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Memories

contents

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE, SPRING 1988

JFK LIBRARY



73 JFK with Caroline: Courage, stirring rhetoric and wise decisions.

58 Lana Turner with Johnny Stompanato: "I'm deathly afraid."



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION



PICTORIAL PARADE

52 Elvis (on leave in Paris): Thoughtful, inquiring and surprisingly articulate.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

30 Jane and Ronnie: Breakfast table arguments and boring monologues.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

22 The conquest of polio: Are there lessons to be learned?



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

42 Eddie and Liz: In the spring of 1958, no one lacked an opinion.

FROM THE EDITOR: BIRTH OF A MAGAZINE . . . 5

Memories Are Made of This

By Carey Winfrey

INDELIBLE IMAGES: MEN IN UNIFORM . . . 6

Caught in Time

ESSAY: OWED TO THE FOX . . . 9

Lost Beauty

By Marc Bloom

YEARBOOK: ASPIRATIONS HIGH . . . 10

Most Likely to Succeed?

FILM FESTIVAL: KATHARINE HEPBURN . . . 14

A Life in Pictures

By Charles Higham

HATS OFF: THE ANDY WARHOL AWARD . . . 18

Fifteen Minutes of Fame

SCRAPBOOK: NEW HAMPSHIRE . . . 88

Moments of Primary Importance

FOOD: 50's FAVORITES . . . 90

Mix Masterpieces

By Delphine Taylor

STUFF: R.I.P. . . . 92

50 Things We Miss (25 We Don't)

LAST LOOK: ICE PRINCESSES . . . 96

Winter Wonders

50 YEARS AGO

WAR ON POLIO . . . 22

The Long March (of Dimes)

By Geoffrey C. Ward

40 YEARS AGO

PHFFFT! . . . 30

Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan Call It a Day

THE NORMAN CONQUEST . . . 32

Would Success Spoil Norman Mailer?

By Norman Mailer

KINSEY TO KOOP . . . 34

The Sexual Revolution Comes Full Spiral

By Owen Edwards

"DID TV USE ME? WHAT'RE YOU, NUTS?" . . . 36

Uncle Miltie Wants the Last Laugh

By David Ritz

30 YEARS AGO

HEARTBREAKER . . . 42

When Eddie Left Debbie for Liz

By Katie Kelly

SCANDAL IN THE WHITE HOUSE . . . 47

Sherman Adams Feels the Heat

By James Deakin

SACKED! . . . 50

More than Just a Shapeless Dress

By Gay Bryant

DER ELVIS . . . 52

With the King in Germany

By Gary Paul Gates

THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY . . . 58

Johnny Stompanato Gets His

By James Bacon

25 YEARS AGO

SIX WEEKS THAT SHOOK THE SOUTH . . . 64

Martin Luther King Goes to Birmingham

By Ralph Abernathy

THE WRONG MAN? . . . 67

Albert DeSalvo as Political Pawn

By George V. Higgins

WHAT'D YOU DO IN THE MOVEMENT, MOMMY? . . . 70

Four Feminists Answer

Reported by Maureen McFadden

WHAT IF? . . . 73

JFK on the Brink of Greatness

By William V. Shannon

IF ONLY! . . . 77

A Fantasy

By David Nyhan

20 YEARS AGO

KEEPING THE FAITH . . . 80

The Student Takeover of Columbia University

By Gloria Emerson

THE "SOCK-IT-TO-ME" GANG . . . 84

Laugh-In Changed the Vast Wasteland

By Delphine Taylor



ERNEST HAAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS

64 King and Abernathy in 1963: Victory in Birmingham but the cost came high.



PHOTOQUE

14 Katharine Hepburn: Worried about deaf crocodiles in Africa.

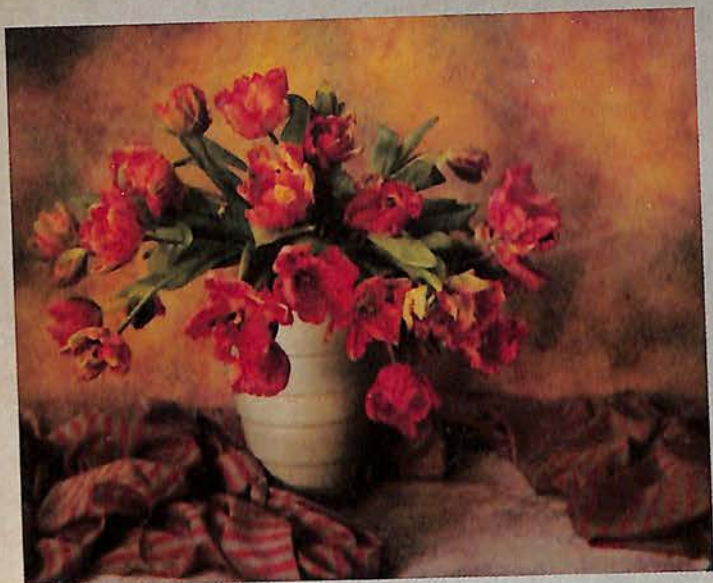


GERALD UPHAM

80 Columbia University Complacency was withering fast.



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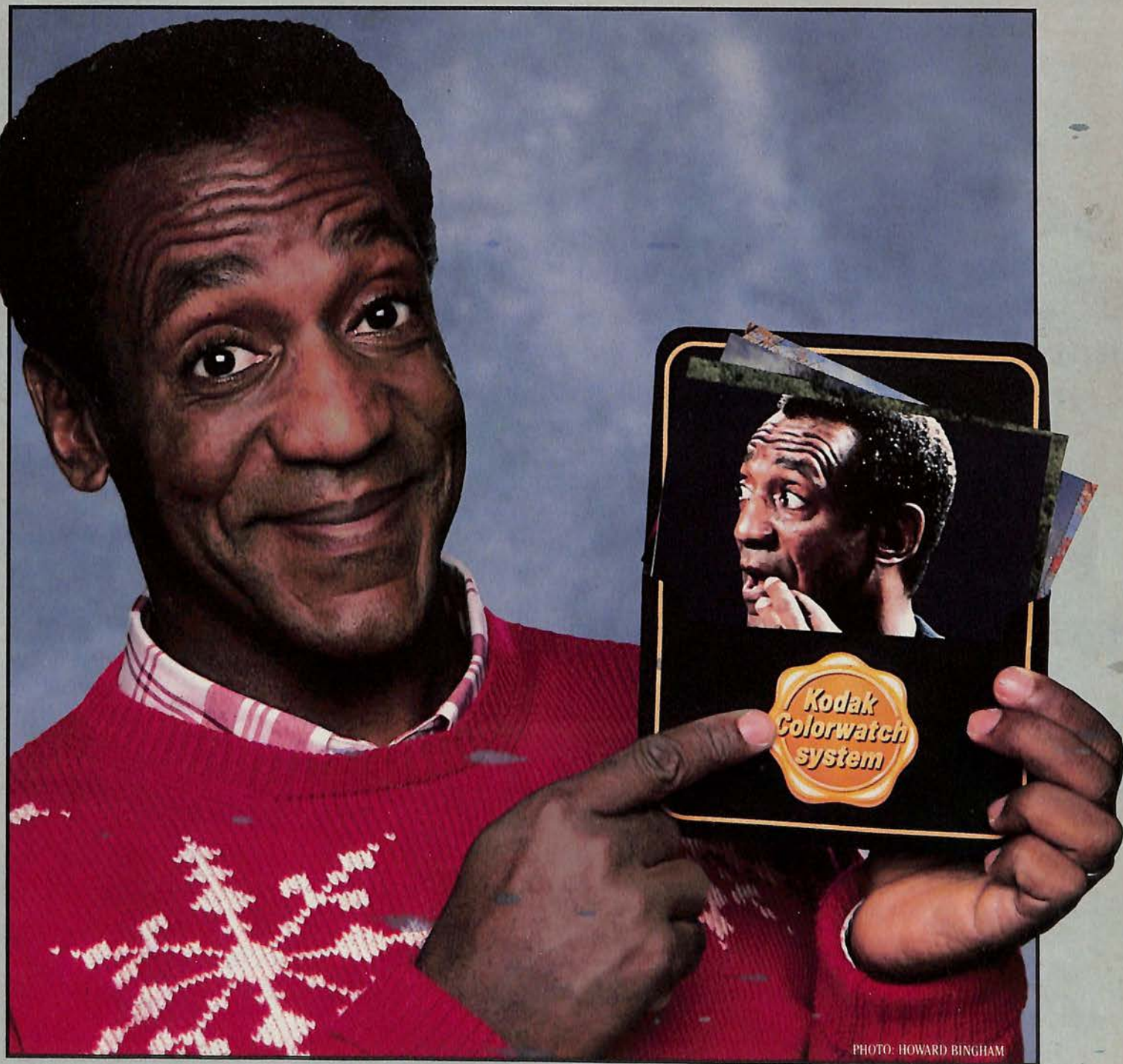


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Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

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Our thanks to New York Public Library Telephone Reference; CBS Library.

Memories Are Made of This

Don't laugh. Creating a new magazine has more in common with giving birth than you might think.

For one thing, the gestation period is roughly the same; we started working on **Memories** just about nine months ago. Second, these have been months of highs and lows (wild excitement alternating with despair), a time of hope and expectation as well as one of many little worries and a few large fears, all now resolved. And third, the object of our affection may appear more winning, more handsome, cleverer and more appealing to us—who love it unabashedly—than to those of you who already have a favorite magazine (or even two), with which ours must vie.

There's even a significant similarity between making magazines and bringing up older children: There comes a point in the maturation of each when parents have to stand aside to let their creation make its own way in the world. With a child, that time comes when he or she turns 18 or so; with this magazine, that time is now. Before sending our child off into the world, we tried to imbue it with intelligence, with wit and humor, with integrity and style. We tried to give it a healthy respect for facts and for the



Editor as Apprentice

feelings of others. We sought out the most interesting writers and photographers, and we have tried to present their work in the most appealing fashion. But now the magazine must stand on its own. It works or it doesn't (or parts of it work and other parts don't), and all our protestations about what we were trying to do no longer count. In future issues the magazine may grow and change, but this

one, at least, is finished, immutable. Now the measure of our achievement reposes quite literally in your hands.

Naturally, we would be very pleased if you liked **Memories** well enough to fill out and send in the subscription coupon on page 40. But even if you're the kind of person who wants to see another issue or two before you commit your money, we would like to hear from you. We'd like to know which of our features you liked (and which you didn't), and what you would like to see more or less of in future issues. We promise we'll read, with consuming interest, every letter we get (and we'll answer all but the very rudest within 24 hours). Our address: **Memories**, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

All of us here are hoping you'll make our **Memories** your **Memories** too.

Carey Winfrey

Caught in Time

"... In taking that picture I destroyed his life."



THE WASHINGTON POST

This 1968 photograph of South Vietnamese General Nguyen Loan executing a prisoner on a Saigon street captured the brutality of war for millions who saw it. Loan, who was acting as head of the National Police, has long insisted that the man was a civilian murderer—not a Vietcong, as widely reported. He also insists the man's execution was justified under martial law.

A month after the photograph was taken, Loan was badly wounded and lost a leg. When Saigon fell, he hitched a ride on a U.S. Air Force plane to Guam and eventually paid his way to the United States. Today, he and his family live in Burke, Va., where they run a pizza shop.

Eddie Adams, who took the picture during the Tet offensive, was surprised when it gained worldwide attention and a Pulitzer Prize. It was while accepting another award for it, in 1969, that he "realized what I'd done. In taking that picture I destroyed his life. For General Loan had become a man condemned in both his country and America because he killed an enemy in war. People do this all the time in war but rarely is a photographer there to record it."



WIDE WORLD/A.P.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

"... There was trust then; there is now."

Allan Weaver was two when his mother, a White House secretary, took him to a Washington, D.C. Chinatown parade in 1957. When he slipped away from her, the better to see a dragon, Police Officer Maurice Cullinane cautioned him not to get too close.

Weaver was telling the policeman that his father, a U.S. Marine stationed in Japan, also wore a uniform, when his mother caught up with him. The picture appeared the next day on the front page of *The Washington Daily News* and won a Pulitzer Prize for photographer Bill Beall.

Cullinane went on to become Washington's Chief of Police before retiring in 1978. A grandfather four times over, today he is executive vice president of the Greater Washington Financial Institutions Association. Weaver, now 32, once worked as Orson Welles's personal assistant. He is married and lives in California, where he is a marketing executive for an international construction supply company. Of his policeman friend, with whom he's been reunited several times over the years, he says: "I saw a real resemblance to my father. There was trust then; there is now."



JAMIE EDGAR

"It was a lovely kiss; I really enjoyed it ..."

August 14, 1945: When nurse Edith Shain, 27, heard on the radio at New York's Doctors' Hospital that World War II was over, she jumped on the subway to Times Square. ("I love parades.") No sooner had she gotten there than "someone grabbed me and kissed me. He held me for a long, long time. It was a lovely kiss," she remembers. "I really enjoyed it. The sailor was bubbling over, he was so happy." Over the years, many men have claimed to be that sailor. But she and *Life* photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt both believe he's never been found. Shain, now named Cullens and the mother of three grown sons, has married, divorced and remarried in the intervening years. She traded nursing for kindergarten teaching; today, retired in California, she stays in touch with the photographer who made her briefly famous. "He's a darling man. The photo has enriched my life. I got to come back to New York; I got to be a celebrity for a few minutes. I think it's fantastic."



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT/LIFE

"I saw how startled, how frightened he was ..."

March 17, 1973: For four years after fighter pilot Robert Stirm's plane was shot down in Vietnam—until a seven-line letter showed up in the mailbox—his family didn't know he was alive. On the day he came home, two years after that letter arrived, the most important thing on 15-year-old Lori's mind was, "What was I going to wear?" She waited as her father's plane landed at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines, then came running out with her mother, two younger brothers and younger sister. "You can't see his face in the photo," she says, "but I saw his face ... his eyes, how startled, how frightened he was. We must have seemed like strangers to him." Lori's parents were divorced soon after. ("It was just too difficult," Lori says. "Too many years had gone by.") Today, remarried and retired from the Air Force, Robert Stirm flies corporate jets for a living. Lori, now 30, is herself

married and the mother of a 6-year-old son. She most recently managed a restaurant in Foster City, Calif. Of the photo that captured the nation's euphoria nearly 15 years ago, she says, "I know what it means to me. But really, I don't understand how the rest of the world got so caught up in it."



WIDE WORLD/A.P.



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I date my coming of age to the winter afternoon in 1958 that I went with my buddies Evan, Stevie and Lester to see Alan Freed's *Christmas Jubilee*, a no-holds-barred, dancin'-in-the-aisles rock 'n' roll show. I was 11 years old. We sat in the first-row balcony of the Brooklyn Fox movie theater and a group of back-alley teen-age girls used my head for an ashtray. Being tormented by older kids was the price you paid to share in the ritualistic frenzy that enveloped the rock shows of that period and left you feeling, as Elvis so eloquently put it, all shook up.

Alan Freed was as evangelical as Billy Graham. In the mid-50's, he brought all the top acts in rock 'n' roll to the stage three times a year—during Christmas, Easter and Labor Day, when school was out.

Sitting there, anointed by ashes, I felt as though I'd been smacked out of some comatose state and lifted into a higher form of consciousness. My nerves were exposed, my senses bombarded. Thirty years later I can close my eyes and see the parade of stars with their gestures and gyrations. I can hear their raucous music blending with the screams of teen-age girls, sweet little 16 with real breasts. Ah, 11!

What did I know? I knew the Brooklyn Dodgers. I knew Gil Hodges and Carl Furillo. I knew The Duke. When they finally beat the Yankees to win the 1955 World Series, I awarded them the ultimate accolade: I went to the fire escape outside my bedroom and celebrated by throwing the contents of an entire bag of potato chips out the window. But until that day in 1958, I knew rock music only from radio and TV, where it had almost an abstract quality. I can remember listening to the Everly Brothers on a boxy RCA in our Ralph Kramden kitchen and feeling as though I were being coached into adolescence. As Phil and Don so convincingly put it: "When- ever I want you, all I have to do is dre-e-e-eem, dream, dream, dream. . . ."

I too, had a dream, and her name was Mary Ann Caleo. Though she never knew it, she was my fifth-grade sweetheart. I used to serenade her in the shower. When I sang "Love Me Tender," I was sure she could hear me 10 blocks away. She had blonde hair and a dimpled smile, and when we brushed by each other at our lockers I felt strange new sensations coursing through my body.

If Mary Ann Caleo heard me, she did not respond. She didn't even show up at spin-the-bottle parties where the kids danced hand-in-hand, if not cheek-to-cheek. I still wonder what kept her away.

That winter morning of my awakening, my friends and I had gotten up at six, subways to the Fox, stood six abreast for two hours on a line that stretched around the block, and paid \$2.50 to enter an alien world of hip-

swinging, foot-stomping, burst-your-lungs, in-your-face rock 'n' roll.

It was live. Raw. Racy. Chuck Berry, Jackie Wilson, Bo Diddley, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis. If you witnessed a young Jerry Lee smashing the hell out of his piano while belting out "Great Balls of Fire," let me tell you, it left you breathless.

The black groups were smooth. They moved and harmonized like velvet. When the Isley Brothers cut loose with "Shout"—parts one and two—you could swear the theater had been ripped by an earthquake.

I saw girls with painted faces wearing bras that peeked out from behind their tight halter tops. I saw couples making out to Frankie Avalon. I saw Chuck Berry's duckwalk and I saw Rich Valens sing "La Bamba" just like in the movie. Waiting for hours by the back door, I nailed autographs (still in my scrapbook) from Joey and Phil of the Mystics, the Shirelles and from Lloyd Price, who signed, "Mr. Stagger Lee." I was stunned to see how young many of the performers were, teen-agers like those I'd seen in the schoolyards.

There was something permanent that early rock 'n' roll implanted in my soul. All I have to do is hear a lyric, no matter how silly, or the beat of one of those '50's songs and I feel the aura of my youth. A part of me still vibrates to the rhythms of 1958, when box scores and box steps were all that mattered.

I've saved the old Alan Freed programs, icons from days of innocence and discovery. Not long ago, I took one of those programs to a Shirelles performance at a New York City club. I went tingly when they sang "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" and after, I showed the program to the one original member still with the group, but when she saw her picture she sniffed and walked away. That hurt. I tried to understand, but what could I possibly know about this original Shirelle, who I had loved for many tomorrows?

One of my programs called Chuck Berry, rock's true progenitor, "dynamic" and "spellbinding." That he was. I saw Berry also not long ago. At 60, he was playing a rinky-dink room. His duckwalk was rusty, but he could still tear the joint apart. It was *neat*.

Still, I may pass on any more rock revivals. I prefer to keep my memories unretouched. What I witnessed at the Fox back in the 50's was primitive and that, I think, was its appeal. While the large theater was gothically ornate, the musical setting had a close-up, honest simplicity. The stage, the performers, the sound, the entire scene burst with a genuineness long since gone. What you saw and heard was unadulterated by hype or technology. It was singing-in-the-shower music.

It was beautiful, but I know that, like the dimpled smile of Mary Ann Caleo, it is a beauty lost to time.

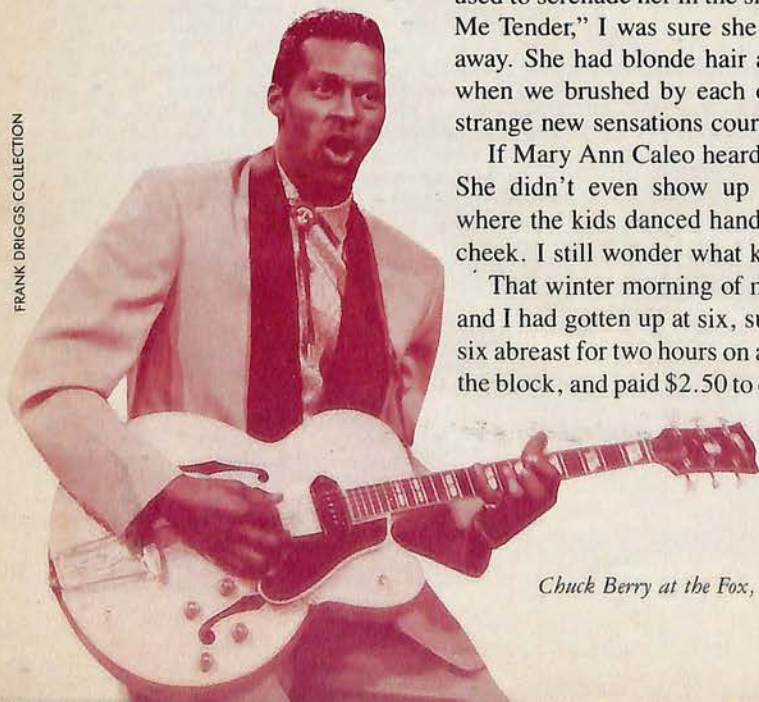
Marc Bloom, formerly editor of *The Runner*, is a writer and editor based in New York.



FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

Lost Beauty

By Marc Bloom



Chuck Berry at the Fox, 1958

FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION



**HOWARD HENRY
BAKER, Jr.**

The McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn. 1943
Enrolled Sept., 1941; Varsity Soccer Squad, '43; Private, Company "D" '41-'42; Private, Company "C" '42-'43; Photography Editor, *TORNADO*, '42-'43; Photography Editor, *Pennant*, '42-'43; Tennessee Club, '41-'43.



JOE BIDEN

Archmere School, Claymont, Del. 1961

Joe is another one of our all-around athletes. For three years he played on both the football team and the basketball team, contributing his fine personality and hard work to each. He is a member of the Varsity Club and was a basketball team manager in his freshman year. He displayed his school spirit at every opportunity. Whenever a sport was being played that he was not in, Joe was right there cheering the rest of the team on. Joe was elected president of his class in his junior and senior years and was a sophomore homeroom representative.



**MARIO MATTHEW
CUOMO**

St. John's Prep, Queens, N.Y. 1949

Intramurals 1,2,3,4; Basketball 3,4; Baseball 3,4; Moore Honor Society 2,3,4; Physics 3; Math 3; Forum 4; Prep Shadows 4. During his four years at the Prep, Mario has distinguished himself and the school through his brilliant scholastic achievements. Not to be outdone in athletics, he enjoyed two seasons on the varsity baseball and basketball squads. The Prep will lose a favorite son.



ROBERT DOLE

Russell High School, Russell, Kans. 1941

"Bobby"
U. of Kansas, Lawrence Varsity Track, member of Statewide Champion team, 440 yards; Varsity Basketball; Varsity Football; National Honor Society; High-Y (Methodist Church Youth Organization); Worked since age 12 as soda jerk for Bawson's Drug Store; History buff.



**RICHARD ANDREW
GEPHART (Rich)**

Southwest High School, St. Louis, Mo. 1958

Audubon Club, '54-'55; Boys Glee, '54-'56; Spring Festival, '54-'56, Operetta, '54, '55, '57; Choir, '55-'58; Tennis Team, '56-'57; Dramatics, '56-'57; KSLH, '56-'57; Band Benefit, '57; SW Anniversary TV Show, '57; Spring Dance, '57; Northwestern Summer Institute, '57; Inter-group Youth Show, '57; Hello Day, '57; KETC-TV, '57-'58; Inter-group Youth Conference, '58; Freshman Welcoming, '57; Radio Workshop (Chairman), '57-'58; Clef and Quaver Club, '58; Tax Campaign Speech, '58; Senior Play (Cast), '58.



Aspirations High



GEORGE WALKER BUSH
Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. 1942

"Pop" "Poppy"
Secretary of Student Council (1 term), President of Society of Inquiry (1941-42), Chairman of Student Deacons (1941-42), President of the Greeks (1940-42), Captain of Soccer (1941), Society of Inquiry (1940-42), Editorial Board of the *Phillipian* (1938-39), Business Board of the *POT POURRI* (1940-42), Varsity Soccer Squad (1939-41), J.V. Baseball Team (1939), Varsity Baseball Team (1941-42), Treasurer of Student Council (1 term), President of Senior Class (1 term), Student Council (1941-42), Senior Prom Committee, Advisory Board, Captain of Baseball (1942), Student Deacon (1940-42), All-Club Soccer (1938), Deputy Housemaster, Varsity Basketball Team (1941-42), Varsity Baseball Squad (1940), Johns Hopkins Prize (1938).



MICHAEL DUKAKIS

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass. 1951
Pres. Alpha Pi 4; Shailer House V. Pres. 1,2,3; Student Council 4, Pres. 4; H.R. Chm. 1,2; Marshal 2,3; Court of Justice 3; Band 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1; Cross-Country Track 2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Tennis 2,3,4, Capt. 4.



**PIERRE SAMUEL
DU PONT, IV**

Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H. 1952
Rockland, Delaware
"Pierro," "Pete," "Jones"
Naval Architecture; Entered Junior Class, 1948; Junior Debating Society; Scientific Society (4), Treasurer (1); Chemistry Group (3), Secretary (1); Astronomy Group (4), President (1); Yacht Club; Four Year Club.



ALBERT A. GORE

St. Albans, Washington, D.C. 1965
Activities: Government Club V,VI (Liberal Leader); Glee Club IV, V, VI; Student Council V; Class Treasurer III, IV; Altis Society V, VI; Prefect VI; Athletic Association VI Varsity Letters: Football IV, V, VI (Captain); Basketball III, IV, V, VI; Track IV, V, VI. Special Interests: Art, politics, agriculture, Tennessee Nicknames: Al, Gorf. Al is frighteningly good at many things. Varsity football Captain, basketball and track standout, Liberal Party Leader in Government Class, scholar, artist extraordinary. Al has stood out in many fields of endeavor. Popular and respected he would seem the epitome of the All-American Young Man. It probably won't be long before Al reaches the top. When he does, all of his classmates will remark to themselves, "I knew that guy was going somewhere in life."



GARY W. HARTPENCE

Ottawa High School, Ottawa, Kansas 1954
Band 7-8-9-10-11; Kays 10-11-12, Treasurer 12; Dramatics Club 11-12; Boys' State 11; "O" Club 11-12; Football 8-9-10; Basketball 11; Track 10-12; Tennis 11-12; Record Managing Editor 12; Junior Play Cast; Class Vice-president 11.



ALEXANDER MEIGS HAIG

Lower Merion High School Ardmore, Penn. 1942
"Alex"
A tireless prankster Spanish Club 3.



JACK KEMP

Fairfax High School, Los Angeles, Ca. 1953
Member of Varsity Letterman's Club; Football, Baseball.



CHARLES SPITAL ROBB

Mt. Vernon High School, Alex., Va. 1957
"Chuck"
Clubs and Athletics: National Honor Society, 2; Sergeant at Arms, Key Club, 2; Advanced Science Club, 1; Scholarship Club, 2; Newspaper reporter, 2; Golf, 2; Varsity Basketball, 2; Junior Varsity Football, 2; Junior Track, 2; Outside Activities: Young People's Fellowship Group, President, 2; De-Molay, 1.
"A golfer has one advantage over a fisherman—he doesn't have to show anything to prove it."



The Class of 1988



JESSE JACKSON

Sterling High School, Greenville, S.C. 1959
Torch Staff; National Honor Society; Boys' Basketball; Football; Baseball; Athletics Committee; Best Athlete.



EDWARD MOORE KENNEDY

Milton Academy, Milton, Mass. 1950
"Big Ed", "Smilin' Ed"
Hyannisport, Mass.
In Forbes House '46-'50, Member of Blue Club, Dramatics Club '49-'50, Debating Society '48-'50, Glee Club '50, "Boogies" '49-'50, Football Team '48-'49, Tennis Squad '49, Tennis Team '50.



MARION GORDON ROBERTSON

The McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn. 1946
Lexington, Va.
Enrolled Sept., 1944; Private, Company "A", '44-'45; Corporal, Company "C", '45; Sergeant, Company "C", '45; Varsity Football, '45; Varsity Boxing, '44-'46; Varsity Track, '45; Y.M.C.A., '45-'46; Glee Club, '44-'46; Prefect, '45-'46; Virginia Club, '44-'46.



PATRICIA SCOTT (SCHROEDER)

Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa 1958
"Pat"
"A Christmas Carol" 3; Annual Staff 3,8, Circulation Editor 8; Senior Banquet Comm. 8; Student Council Red Cross Comm. 7; Forensics Club 3,4; Girls Club Election Comm. 5,6; School Beautiful Comm. 7,8; Costume Club 5,6; Sec. 5,6; Math-Science Club 3,4; Football Pep Club 3,5,7; Basketball Pep Club 7,8; Spanish Club 5,6; V.P. 5; Pres. 6.



PAUL SIMON

South Eugene High School, Eugene, Ore. 1945
Entered from Portland, Oregon; Hi-Y 3; New Staff 3; A Cappella 3; Axemen's Council Rep. 3; Student Council 3.



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BMW 325es or Aston Martin Volante.**

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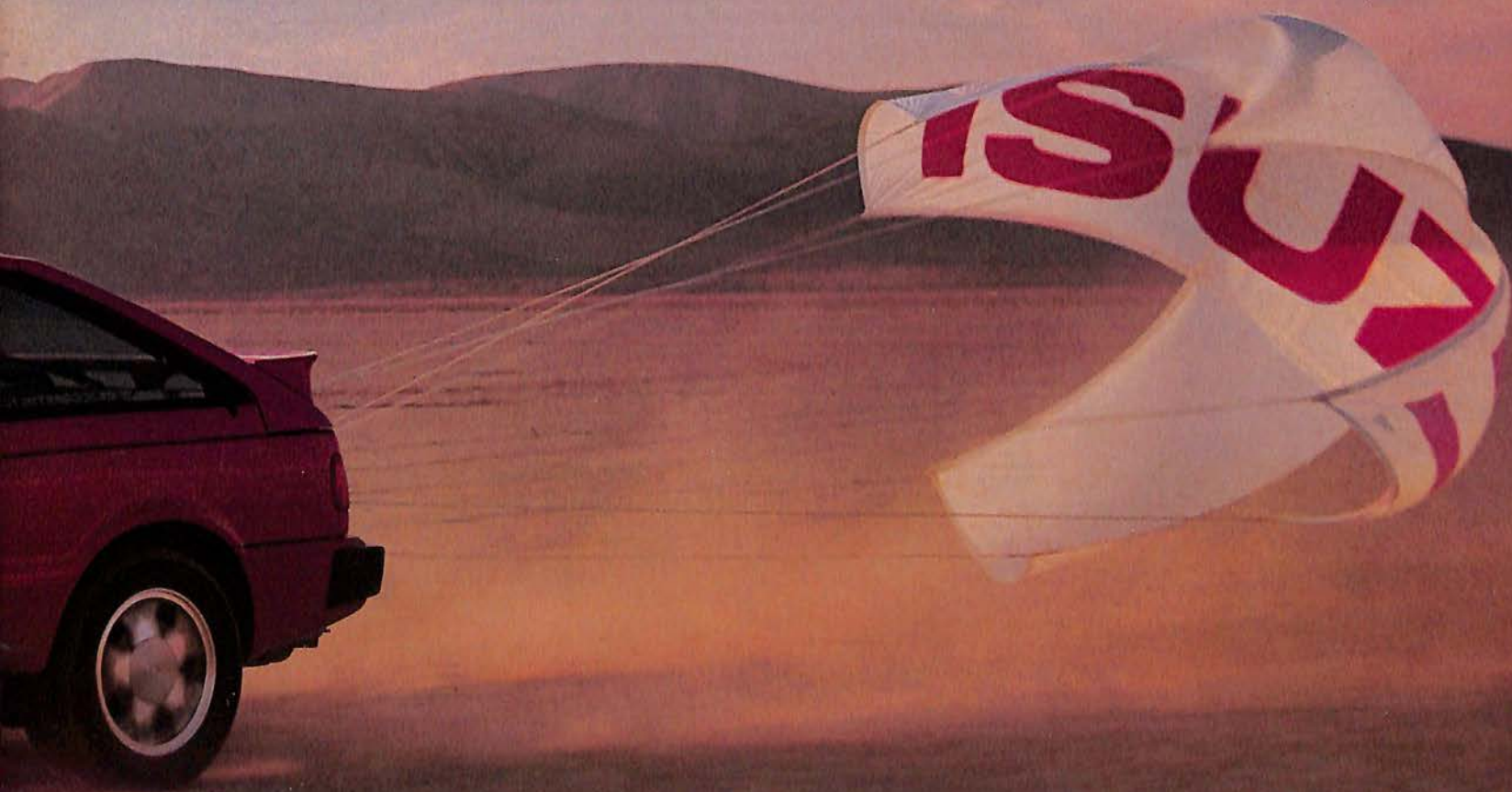
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ISUZU



FILM FESTIVAL: KATHARINE HEPBURN



BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION

As Pandora in **The Woman of the Moone**, Bryn Mawr May Day Revels, (1928).



BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION

Alice Adams (1935) was a perfect part for Kate: She had always been the awkward-girl-out at the ball, anxious to please her parents.



As a fashion plate opposite her beloved Spencer Tracy in the sleek, high-style **Woman of the Year** (1942). When they met for the first time, Kate said to Spence, "I'm going to be too tall for you!" The producer said, "Don't worry, he'll cut you down to size!"



PHOTOQUE

Kate's greatest performance was in Eugene O'Neill's **Long Day's Journey into Night** (1962). She was so exhausted after one long speech that she fell off her chair and played the rest of the scene on the floor. Her arch enemy, critic Dwight MacDonald, admitted that she was "a superb tragedienne" in the part.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

In another Bryn Mawr production, Kate (second from right) played a boy. It wouldn't be the last time.



PHOTOQUE

With John Barrymore in the heavy-handed **Bill of Divorcement** (1932). At shooting's end, Kate told Barrymore, "I'm glad I don't have to act with you anymore." And he replied, "I wasn't aware you'd started."



A Life in Pictures

Captioned commentary by biographer **Charles Higham**



Sylvia Scarlett (1936) was disastrous. Kate played a girl disguised as a boy. Studio boss Pan Berman, after running the print, told her he never wanted to see her again.



PHOTOQUE

Kate was once again a struggling actress in **Stage Door** (1937), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was funny, touching, and a triumph for the stars.



PHOTOQUE

As a Chinese peasant in **Dragon Seed** (1944), with Turhan Bey, Kate made chop suey of the dialogue. She brought laughs with the line, "I don't want my baby teething on Japanese bullets!" The picture bombed.



Back in form with Tracy in the amusing **Adam's Rib** (1949). They played quarreling, married lawyers, and the public saw their real-life love affair played out on camera. Tracy wanted first billing ahead of Kate. Writer Garson Kanin said, "Didn't you hear of 'ladies first'?" Tracy replied, "This is a movie, not a lifeboat."



Her last appearance with the dying Spencer Tracy in the anti-racist **Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?** (1967). Her frequent crying in the film was all too genuine. The movie was a hit; she won an Oscar. But Tracy's death was a grievous blow to her.



BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION

With Peter O'Toole in the glowing **Lion in Winter** (1968), she was a regal Eleanor of Aquitaine. Playing scenes with a thumbnail that had been smashed in a door, she was great delivering the unforgettable line, "Every family has its ups and downs." She tied with Barbra Streisand for an Oscar.

In the excellent **Little Women** with Douglass Montgomery (1933). As grave, sweet Jo, Kate was launched as a big star. She accidentally spilled ice cream on her dress in one scene, prompting director George Cukor to slap her face and call her an amateur. Reviewers disagreed.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Kate was an Amelia Earhart-like flyer in **Christopher Strong** (1933). She fought with director Dorothy Arzner. Taking her role seriously, she fell in love with aviator Howard Hughes.



CULVER PICTURES

Kate expertly played herself as an ambitious Broadway beginner in **Morning Glory** (1933). Her radiant acting earned her her first Academy Award.



The dismal **Break of Hearts** (1935) with John Beal broke no records, only the hearts of the studio shareholders. Kate got the label "box-office poison" from this one.



PHOTOQUE

The classic **Bringing Up Baby** (1938) co-starred Kate with Cary Grant and a baby leopard. It was terrific. Kate played an eccentric Connecticut heiress—in short, herself. Grant taught her comedy technique.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Clowning with Cary Grant on the set of **Holiday** (1938). As a Park Avenue brat, Kate was great, but she was still fighting the "box-office poison" title. "To get anyone to see her, we'd have to give away automobiles," one exhibitor said.



In the immortal **Philadelphia Story** (1940), Kate had her first box-office smash in years. She was terrific as blue-blooded heiress Tracy Lord. Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Barry Sullivan co-starred.



PHOTOQUE

In French equatorial Africa for the glorious **African Queen** (1951), with the great Humphrey Bogart. Kate wouldn't get into the water with crocodiles, though director John Huston said they would be scared off by gunshots. "What about the deaf ones?" she asked.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Back in men's clothing in the dismal **Iron Petticoat** (1956). Bob Hope was the co-star. Kate played a Russian aviatrix, but the picture didn't fly.



In **The Rainmaker** (1956), Kate was an unhappy spinster in a small town who falls in love with Burt Lancaster. She seemed too Bryn Mawr for the Corn Belt, and Lancaster called the movie "a bunch of crap."



BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION

Suddenly Last Summer (1959) with Montgomery Clift was the craziest picture of Kate's career. The Tennessee Williams story had her as the mother of a homosexual who was eaten by cannibal beach boys. Clift played a neurosurgeon—like one of the patients.



BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION

Kate was mad about John Wayne in **Rooster Cogburn** (1974). It was her first Western. She wrote many of her lines as a Bible-thumping spinster, a reworking of her part in *The African Queen*. But the picture was a dud.



Kate was superb in the geriatric tear-jerker **On Golden Pond** (1981) with Henry Fonda. She paid him the greatest of honors: On the first day of shooting, she gave him Spencer Tracy's hat.



PHOTOQUE

Movie empress meets 1980s star: Hepburn with Nick Nolte in **The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley** (1985). About eight people saw the picture. It is doubtful that any of them remember it.



Linda Evans

Linda Evans' dress by Nolan Miller. Jewelry by Harry Winston Inc.

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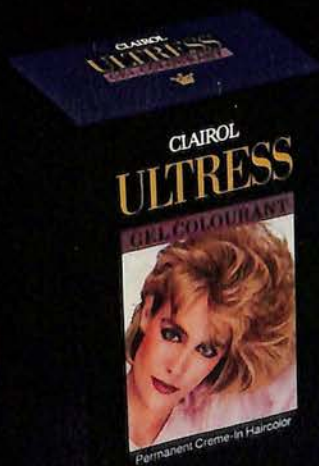
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Famous For 15 Minutes

1. Alan Bakke, rejected by the University of California's medical school in 1973, argued that he had been turned down because of federal affirmative action programs that gave minorities preferential treatment. The U. S. Supreme Court agreed and re-instated him. Today, Bakke is a practicing anesthesiologist at Olmstead Community Hospital in Rochester, Minn.

2. Alexander Butterfield, a White House aide, disclosed the existence of President Nixon's taping system July 16, 1973 during the Watergate hearings. Butterfield is now the chief financial officer of Global Networks, Inc. and GMA Corporation, consulting firms in California.

3. Marilyn Chambers lost her modelling contract as the mother on Ivory Snow Soap Powder boxes in 1973 when she revealed that she had appeared in erotic films (best known: *Behind the Green Door*). Today, at 35, and married to a salesman for a trucking company, she is a Los Angeles housewife.

4. Mary Cunningham was on the fast track at Bendix International until her friendship with Bendix chairman Bill Agee found its way into public print in the fall of 1980. Cunningham resigned 2 weeks after her promotion as vice president of strategic planning. Agee married Cunningham in 1982 and resigned in February, 1983. Today, Cunningham is president and chief operating officer of Semper Enterprises, a venture capital and strategy consulting firm created by Agee and herself. She is also the executive director and founder of Nurturing Network, a charity organization to assist college-bound and professional women with crisis pregnancies. Cunningham, her husband and two children live on Cape Cod, Mass.

5. Maureen Dean, 41, the wife of former White House counsel and Watergate whistle-blower John Dean, who served four months in a Federal penitentiary for his involvement in the cover-up, remains married to Dean, who is involved in radio and television production. The couple live in Beverly Hills, Calif., where "Ma" works as a financial consultant for Shearson-Lehman Bros. She plans a second book, tentatively titled *Washington Wives*, to follow *Mo: A Woman's View of Watergate*.

6. Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme was arrested when she brandished a Colt .45 during a speech President Gerald R. Ford was giving in Sacramento, Calif. in 1975. She said she wanted to shoot Ford to protest the jailing of convicted murderer and cult leader, Charles Manson. She is currently serving a life sentence in the Federal Correctional Institute for Women in Alderson, W.Va..

7. Baby Jane Holzer, age undisclosed, became famous for being famous in the late 60's. She appeared to very mixed notices in a number of Andy Warhol's experimental films (*Ciao! Manhattan*). Today, Holzer works as a film producer with credits on *The Kiss of the Spider Woman* and *Throwback*.

8. Howard "Buddy" Jacobson, the race-horse-trainer-turned-playboy murdered Louis Tupper, his rival for the affections of model Melanie Cain, in 1978. He escaped, briefly, from prison but was recaptured. He is serving a 25-year-to-life sentence in Clinton state prison and plans to write a book about his version of the American Dream gone sour.

9. Rita Jenrette, 38, the former wife of Rep. John Jenrette, who made headlines with her revelations of love-making on the Capitol steps, was featured in *Playboy* magazine and appeared on TV talk shows. She subsequently elaborated in a 1981 book, *My Capitol Secrets*. Now an actress, she has appeared on *Fantasy Island* and *The Edge of Night*, in a film (*Zombie Island Massacre*) and an Off-Broadway comedy.

10. Rita Lavelle was fired by President Reagan in 1983 from her job as the head of the Environmental Protection Agency's toxic waste clean-up unit. She was subsequently convicted of perjury, submitting a false certificate and obstructing a congressional investigation. Today, insisting she was a scapegoat, Lavelle lives in San Diego, Calif., where by court-order she raises money for cancer research and for San Diego's homeless.

11. The Loud Family. In 1973 an upper-middle class family from Santa Barbara, Calif., opened its home to filmmaker Craig Gilbert and his camera crew. Over 12 weeks the following year, public television viewers watched the Loud marriage come apart. Today, Patricia Loud lives in Bath, England, having spent nearly 15 years as a literary agent in New York. Ex-husband Bill is currently going through his second divorce in Santa Barbara. Delilah, 32, is in the marketing department of a TV syndication company in Los Angeles. Kevin, 35, is a financial executive for Houston Network, a long-distance telephone service. Grant, 34, is an actor in Los Angeles, and the flamboyant Lance, 36, writes for Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine in New York. Michelle, 30, the first of the Loud children to marry, works in the New York fashion industry.

12. Vaughn Meader's 1960 best-selling comedy album, *The First Family*, on which he impersonated the Kennedys, got good reviews, even from JFK. His career took a nosedive after Kennedy's assassination in 1963, despite several other comedy records. Semi-retired with his wife in Hallowell, Maine, Meader occasionally performs as a country singer and pianist.

13. Tongsun Park, known for lavish entertaining of members of Congress, was indicted in 1977 on conspiracy and bribery charges as an agent of South Korean intelligence service. (The charges were dropped in 1979.) He returned to the U.S. last year and purchased a \$634,000 house in the affluent Washington neighborhood of Foxhall Crescent. He owes the U.S. Government \$10 million in back taxes and interest and remains president and majority stockholder of Suter's Tavern Corp, owner of the \$1.2 million Georgetown Club, where he used to entertain.

14. Elizabeth Ray revealed in 1976 that she was paid \$14,000 a year as secretary to Rep. Wayne Hays (D. Ohio) despite the fact that she could not type. Her ghost-written confessions, *The Washington Fringe Benefit* (1977), sold more than a million copies in paperback. Today she pursues an acting career in New York.

15. Mason Reese, in 1973 at the age of 7, starred in an award-winning TV commercial for deviled ham. Today Reese, 22, is developing a pilot for a comedy variety show, and has been cast with Anthony Michael Hall in a film comedy about the Army. Living on the Upper West Side of New York, Reese also plays drums in a rock 'n' roll band called Just Us.

16. Rosie Ruiz appeared to have won the 1980 Boston Marathon in record time (2 hours, 31 minutes) until witnesses said they had seen her riding the subway during the 26-mile race. Today Ruiz is on probation following arrest in 1983 for a \$52,000 cocaine sale to undercover Miami police.

17. Frank Sturgis was arrested June 17, 1972 for breaking into the Democratic National Headquarters in Watergate. He pleaded guilty to conspiracy, burglary, and violating federal wiretap laws, and served 13 months in prison. Today, he sells video equipment in Miami.

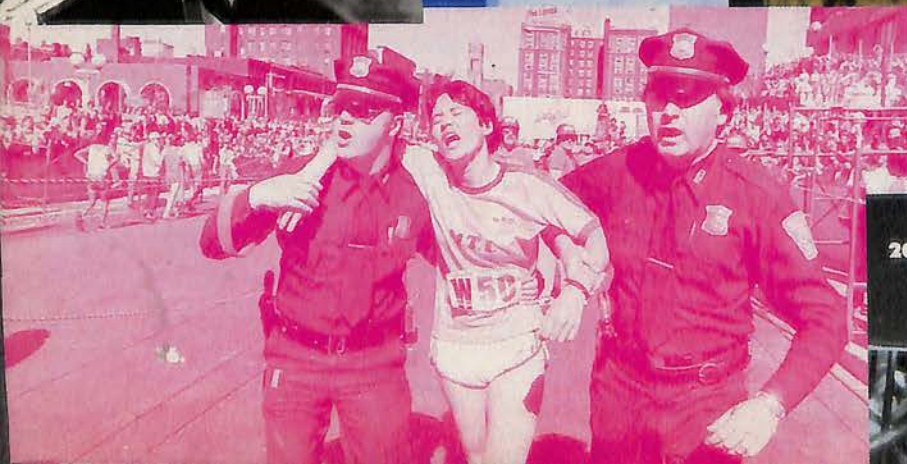
18. George Willig surprised and delighted most New Yorkers when he scaled the 110-story World Trade Center south tower on May 26, 1977. The city fined him \$1.10 (a penny per floor). After writing a book, *Going It Alone* (1979), Willig moved to Santa Fe, N.M. where he manages the business activities of trance channeler Cheryl Lynn, teaches a personal growth course in the wilderness and runs a publishing company.

19. Frank Wills, a security guard in the Watergate building at the time of the 1972 break-in at the Democratic National Headquarters, reported the burglary to Washington, D.C. police. He played himself in the 1975 film, *All the President's Men*. In 1982, Wills was convicted of shoplifting in Georgia, and served more than a year in prison. Unemployed, he now lives in North Augusta, South Carolina with his mother.

20. Anthony Ulasewicz, an ex-New York City policeman, revealed, during the Watergate hearings in 1973, that he had passed \$219,000 to the Watergate burglars on instructions from Nixon attorney Herb Kalmbach and John Dean. He recently won a case against the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREEP) to recover unpaid salary and is challenging the IRS over taxes due on money he claims were expenses. His book on his career as a private detective, *Tony U.: A President's Private Investigator*, is due this year.

21. Arnold Zenker, an obscure CBS lawyer, substituted for a striking Walter Cronkite for 14 appearances on the CBS *Evening News* during an AFTRA strike in 1967. Bitten by the on-air bug, Zenker left the law to become an anchorman and talk show host in Baltimore and Boston. Today, Zenker and Associates teaches corporate executives in Boston how to deal with the press.

1-6, 8-10, 12, 14, 18-20 UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS; 7, 11, 13, 16, 17, 21 WIDE WORLD/A.P.; 15 PHOTOTEQUE





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In the summer of 1948, polio ravaged children (and adults) in every state but Rhode Island. These young victims lived in North Carolina, the hardest hit.



A mysterious viral epidemic terrified the American people, killing thousands. Physicians were powerless to halt or reverse its ravages.

War On Polio

Anyone who grew up in the 40's and early 50's remembers the panic that polio inspired each summer. Our Chicago newspaper carried two numbers on its front page each morning: The number of cases was printed in red, the number of deaths in black. Municipal swimming pools were closed. We were made to wash our hands incessantly, forbidden to go to the movies, to play with unknown children, to visit strange houses. Warm, wet, confined places were thought especially hazardous: I remember being stopped from entering the dark, close reptile house at the zoo.

"We were fighting ghosts," my mother remembers, and despite her best efforts, those ghosts caught up with me in July of 1950.

A midnight headache and high fever and an inability to touch chin to chest sent me to the emergency room; I was diagnosed and admitted to the isolation ward within 10 minutes. At first my parents were told that I seemed to be one of the lucky ones: There would likely be no paralysis. Then, two days later, an evening call from the hospital: My parents had better come down; I was showing signs of crippling. The neurologist sat with them through that long night. "I hate this disease," he said again and again, holding my mother's hand, "I hate it." For all his training, he was no more able than she to halt the disease's steady progress from calves to thighs, hands to arms. For me, it stopped there, and I eventually regained full control of my hands and much of the strength in my legs, as well. But in others it went on to immobilize the body, or assault the lungs, so that patients were dependent for every breath on the great iron cocoon in which they were encased for what remained to them of life. That season more than 33,300 families went through some variant of our trauma.

Though polio is very old, the terror began for Americans in the summer of 1916, when 27,000 people in this country were affected. Seven thousand died, most of them children; there were 19,000 cases in New York City alone—2,448 of them fatal. No one knew what caused it. In Brooklyn, 215 stray cats were seized and destroyed on the chance that they might be responsible. Quacks flourished, peddling mustard



FDR was stricken at age 39 in 1921; he would never stand unaided again.

plasters and the blood of frogs and oxen as preventives; a former legislator was indicted for selling sacks of cedar shavings as a cure. When desperate New York parents tried to spirit their children out of town, they were turned back unless they had a certificate of good health signed by a physician. At small-town depots, hand-lettered signs greeted those who did manage to escape: NEW YORKERS KEEP OUT. WE SYMPATHIZE BUT WE HAVE CHILDREN.

The wife and children of the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, spent that summer on Campobello Island. From Washington, FDR begged Eleanor to "please kill all the flies" that congregated on the sunny windows of their cottage for fear they might spread the

dreaded virus. In a letter, Sara Delano Roosevelt, his ever-solicitous mother, offered him counsel on how best to greet his children at summer's end: "You ought not to kiss the children till you have washed & disinfected (nose & mouth especially) as it can be carried from people traveling."

In fact—although no one knew it then—the polio virus, too small for any available microscope to glimpse, was transmitted in fecal matter or secretions of the nose and throat. It traveled from the mouth to the stomach and then briefly into the bloodstream, overwhelming the body's natural antibodies and multiplying by the millions, before moving into the nerves and then the spinal cord. Nervous tissue died, limbs atrophied.

Polio's growing virulence seems actually to have been a by-product of a new standard of middle-class cleanliness. In the unsanitized past, infants and small children had been exposed to polio very early on, during a stage of life when paralysis was rare and lifelong immunity easily induced. But pristine bassinets, pure food and drink, freshly mopped floors had all helped to keep the virus at bay until children were older, when it was far more likely to cripple or kill.

Franklin Roosevelt's five children escaped polio. Their father did not. On August 10, 1921, FDR himself was stricken at Campobello. He was 39. The disease ravaged him more thoroughly than all but a few aides and family ever knew. Des-

By Geoffrey C. Ward

pite seven years spent trying to conquer its effects, he would never again be able to stand unaided, much less take a step. He could not even dress himself; his lower limbs, an examining physician wrote with pitiless candor, were utterly useless "flail legs."

A less resilient man would have admitted defeat, retreated inward. Instead, FDR, in characteristic fashion, sought a *solution* to polio; in 1924, he established what became the Warm Springs Foundation in Warm Springs, Ga. There, he hired physicians and therapists, converted a creaky resort into a treatment center, even conducted exercises in the pool himself.

In 1928, when FDR agreed to return to active politics and run for Governor of New York, his foundation was in financial trouble; by the time he was first inaugurated as President, in 1933, it was near bankruptcy. He was desperate to keep it from going under and to continue the battle against polio.

A series of President's Birthday Balls, held on January 30



In the worst American family outbreak, six children of a Wisconsin farmer came down with the crippling disease.

of each year, seemed to provide the answer. These were gala evenings staged throughout the country to which celebrants paid to come, "Dancing So Others May Walk." All proceeds went to the cause. It's hard to imagine now how popular Franklin Roosevelt once was in Depression-wracked America; it evidently occurred to almost no one then how odd it was in a Democracy for citizens to celebrate the birthday of their temporary sovereign.

The Birthday Balls provided enough funds both to keep Warm Springs functioning and to aid polio research elsewhere. But the President's popularity inevitably waned, and so did foundation funds. By 1937, the year of FDR's abortive purge of the Supreme Court, it was clear that the cause of polio must be separated from that of the increasingly controversial politician who had declared war upon it. In September, FDR announced the creation of an entirely independent National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to "lead, direct, and unify the fight on every phase of this sickness." It was to begin functioning in January 1938. A new nonpartisan board of trustees was created to insure that Republicans could send in contributions without appearing also to support "That Man" in the White House.

FDR made his law partner, Basil O'Connor, president of



the foundation without salary. The short, dapper, black-haired son of an Irish tin-smith, O'Connor was an able, self-made Wall Street lawyer—"one generation removed from servitude," he liked to boast—whose own weak eyes had interested him in medicine and earned him the nickname "Doc" while still at Harvard Law School. He was new at fund raising but willing to do almost anything to aid FDR. Roosevelt himself, not conquest of the disease that had immobilized him, was O'Connor's concern, at first. Later, victory over the disease would become something like an obsession.

First O'Connor needed to find a new way to raise funds. The radio comedian Eddie Cantor came up with the answer: On the night of the President's birthday, he suggested, all network programs originating in Hollywood would donate half a minute to the cause. "We could ask people to send their dimes directly to the President of the United States. Think what a thrill the people would get . . . and we could call it the March of Dimes!"

At first it seemed to be a disaster. "You fellows have ruined the President," a political aide told a foundation publicist the day after the first broadcast appeals. "All we've got is seventeen and a half dollars. The reporters are asking how much has come in. We're telling them we haven't had time to count it."

By the *next* morning, however, 30,000 envelopes had arrived at the White House and hundreds of thousands more waited in sacks at the Washington post office. The receipts that first year came to \$1.8 million, and included 2,680,000 dimes—many of them wrapped in sticky tape or baked in cakes. The take rose with each succeeding campaign: By 1955, it fell just short of \$67 million.

Polio continued to be as capricious as it was crippling, settling lightly on the country one summer, storming through its cities the next. There were 13,624 cases in 1945, almost twice as many the next year, fewer than 11,000 in 1947, almost 28,000 in 1948, 42,033 in 1949.

In 1950, "There were 16 or 17 new admissions every day," a nurse at Pittsburgh's Municipal Hospital remembered. "One of our resident physicians never went to bed for nights on end. . . . We nurses could never get home on time, either. To leave the place you had to pass a certain number of rooms, and you'd hear a child crying for someone to read his mail to him or for a drink of water or why can't he move, and you couldn't be cruel enough just to pass by. It was an atmosphere of grief, terror, and helpless rage. It was horrible. I remember a high-school boy weeping because he was completely paralyzed and he couldn't move a hand to kill himself. I remember paralyzed women giving birth to normal babies in iron lungs. I remember a little girl who lay motionless for days with her eyes closed, and I can remember how we all cried when she went home. And I can remember how the staff used to kid Dr. Salk—kidding in earnest—telling him to hurry up and do something."

Dr. Jonas Edward Salk was hurrying as fast as he could, consonant with sound scientific caution. On July 12, 1950—just 14 days after I entered the hospital in Chicago, and 8 days before Bettyann O'Connor Culver, Basil O'Connor's own

30-year-old daughter, was stricken in Virginia—Salk formally applied to the foundation for a grant to “undertake studies with the objective of developing a method for the prevention of paralytic poliomyelitis by immunologic means.” The grant was awarded.

Jonas Salk, just 35 in 1950, was one of a score of researchers whose work was being underwritten by the foundation. He was an intensely private, serious, single-minded virologist from New York who had been doggedly performing the most painstaking and repetitious sort of laboratory work for three years—seeking to determine whether there were in fact three *and only three* types of polio virus. “My role in life,” he decided early, “is to find out. If people do not like what I find out it is just too bad. They should then attack nature, not me.”

In 1952, two scientists independently demonstrated that the polio virus did briefly enter the bloodstream, staying there long enough for antibodies to block it should they be present in large enough numbers. The question now became whether those antibodies would be placed there most effectively by a vaccine made from live or killed virus.

Dr. Albert Sabin of the University of Cincinnati was at work on a live vaccine to be administered by mouth, convinced that such a vaccine would be faster acting, longer and more efficient to administer. Salk, now head of his own research institute and a team of some 50 equally dedicated researchers, was no less certain that a vaccine made from inactivated virus would be safer.

Salk moved faster: Working 18-hour days and following an infinitely painstaking series of steps, he and his team grew samples of all three strains of polio virus, killed them with formaldehyde and injected them, first into animals and then—in June of 1952 and in strict secrecy, to avoid the kind of press frenzy and subsequent letdown that followed every hint of progress—into human beings, 161 children living at the D.T. Watson Home for Crippled Children at Leetsdale, Pa. “I didn’t have to ask permission of any regulatory groups,” Salk has said. “They didn’t exist at that time. The polio vaccine came without any government intervention whatsoever.” Still, Salk remembered, he didn’t “sleep well for two or three weeks,” waiting for the results. None of the children whom Salk injected suffered any ill effects; more important, samples of their blood showed the presence of anti-polio antibodies. It was the worst polio summer in history: 57,879 people got the disease; 3,145 of them died.

Salk continued to test in the Pittsburgh area and continued to get good results—his own wife and three children were among his subjects. O’Connor’s scientific advisers, impressed but cautious, recommended a 10-year field test. Instead O’Connor gave the go-ahead for a crash one-year trial involving more than a million children.

There were last-minute hitches: The gossip columnist Walter Winchell warned over the radio that Salk’s new vaccine “might be a killer”; an overeager press agent for the Parke-Davis pharmaceutical company trumpeted the company’s role in manufacturing the vaccine, and—to Salk’s fury—seemed to imply that the doctor was

commercially connected with the firm; at least one batch of vaccine was falsely thought to have produced paralysis rather than immunity, in monkeys.

On April 26, 1954, the massive test began. Four hundred and forty thousand first-, second- and third-graders in 217 communities were inoculated with the vaccine; another 210,000 were given a placebo. It may have been the largest national mobilization short of war in our history, and government played no part in it. When it was suggested to O’Connor that professional clerks be hired to do the burdensome record-keeping, he refused; March of Dimes volunteers had proved over the past 17 years that they were *motivated*. “Our people will do it free and do it better,” he believed. Twenty thousand doctors volunteered to help with the inoculations; so did 40,000 nurses, 220,000 civilians, 50,000 schoolteachers and a host of volunteer groups.

Just under a year later the announcement was made that the new vaccine was “safe, effective, and potent.” Polio could be stopped.

The Federal Government licensed the vaccine’s manufacture, and O’Connor provided funds to immunize nine million children the following year. (The Salk vaccine would largely be superseded after 1962 by the live-virus variety developed by Dr. Sabin, which could be administered by mouth and required no booster. But in the interim, Salk’s discovery reduced the incidence of polio by 97 percent, saving thousands of lives and keeping hundreds of thousands more from being wrecked.)

Salk was an instant hero. He appeared on the cover of *TIME*, Marlon Brando asked to play him in the movies, he was offered a Broadway tickertape parade. The grateful citizens of Amarillo, Tex. sent him a brand-new automobile (he sold it and returned the money to Amarillo to buy more vaccine), and he was hideously embarrassed when two mothers recognized him on the New York subway and knelt to kiss his hands.

Ten days after the announcement of the vaccine’s effectiveness, the reluctant hero was summoned for still another ceremony. Franklin Roosevelt was gone, of course; the announcement of Salk’s triumph had come on the 10th anniversary of his death, a fact Basil O’Connor always stoutly insisted had been only a fortuitous coincidence. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who now occupied the White House, was no sentimentalist, but he was a fond grandfather. His own grandchildren had just been inoculated, and when he shook the scientist’s hand there were tears in his eyes. “I have no words to thank you,” he said, his voice breaking. “I am very, very happy.”

Geoffrey C. Ward, a former editor and a columnist for *American Heritage* magazine, is at work on a sequel to his book, *Before the Trumpet: Young Franklin Roosevelt 1882-1905*.



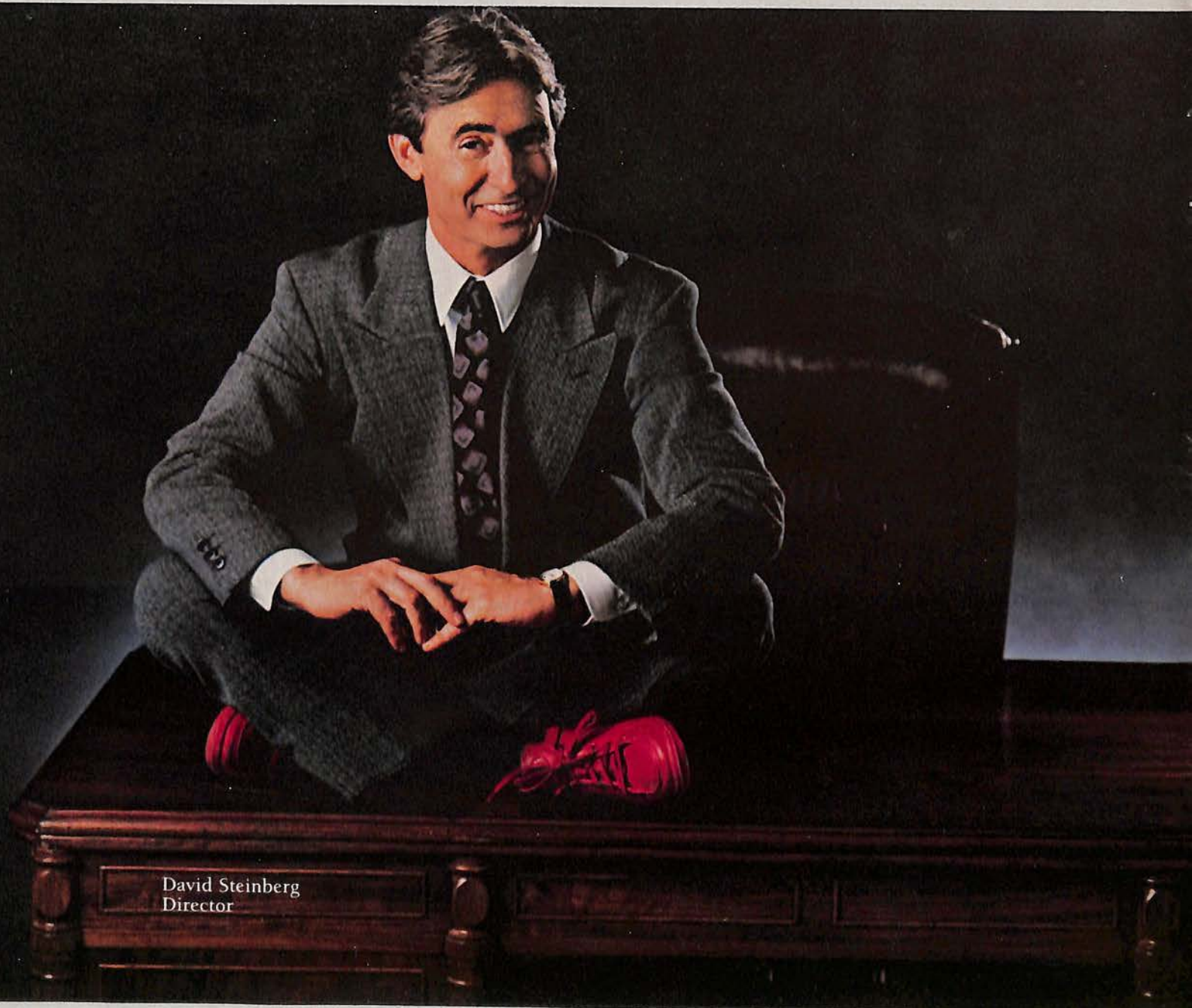
Once test results of the Salk vaccine were announced in 1955, cities across the nation clamored for the precious cargo.



At the White House in 1955, President Eisenhower thanked Salk for his polio vaccine. Today Salk is in California, working on an AIDS vaccine.

PHOTOTRENDS

A Couple Of Cards Get Down



David Steinberg
Director

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To Business.



From the moment David Steinberg hit the comedy scene, he made us laugh out loud. Now that he's working *behind* the scenes as both writer and director, we're still laughing. Not to mention crying, pondering, and generally applauding his feature films, comic commercials and series sitcoms.

Outperforming American Express Gold.

Now that he's gone from headliner to head honcho, he's gone for the Premier Visa® Card. Because whether he's shooting a series in Burbank, or shooting some golf in Boca Raton, he knows the Premier Visa Card is accepted in more than three times as many places worldwide as American Express Gold. And Premier Visa comes with a bank-issued minimum revolving line of credit that's over twice as high.

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If this sounds good to you, and you're ready to enjoy these advantages, apply at your bank for a Premier Visa Card today.
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**THE CHOICE IS CLEAR
FOR LEMON LOVERS.**

NEW LEMON LIQUID CASCADE
FOR VIRTUALLY SPOTLESS DISHES



Jan.-1948-June

Period of Adjustment

Berlin airlift

Cold, cold, cold.... John L. Lewis chooses a frigid March moment, with coal supplies low, to send miners on strike.... When railroad workers threaten to walk too, Truman sends in Army.... **Political temperatures rising**.... General Eisenhower withdraws from Presidential race; Republicans fear deadlocked convention.... Front-runner Thomas Dewey (with running mate Earl Warren) takes nomination from Robert Taft.... Hindu **fanatic assassinates India's Mahatma Gandhi**.... Marshall Plan begins flow of economic aid to Europe.... **Stalin seizes Czechoslovakia**, cuts Berlin off.... Blockade triggers massive airlift.... The new state of Israel attacked by Arab nations upon proclamation.... Loretta Young wins Oscar for *The Farmer's Daughter*, Ronald Colman for *A Double Life*.... *Gentleman's Agreement* is Best Picture.... **Truman Capote, 23, publishes first novel**, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*.... Alfred C. Kinsey publishes scientific shocker, ***Sexual Behavior in the Human Male***.... Alan Paton publishes *Cry the Beloved Country*.... War novel by new writer, Norman Mailer, goes to top of charts, called ***The Naked and the Dead***.... Pulitzer Prizes awarded to Tennessee Williams for *A Streetcar Named Desire* and James Michener for *Tales of the South Pacific*.... Baseball's brightest star, Joe DiMaggio, signs to play for Yankees for \$65,000, up from \$43,750.... Bing Crosby shoots a hole-in-one.... Michigan creams USC in the Rose Bowl, 49-0.... Cotton Bowl hosts **first interracial sports contest** in Texas history as integrated Penn State ties SMU.... American Dick Button wins men's figure skating title in St. Moritz, Switzerland in first Olympic games since World War II.... **Citation wins Triple Crown**.... CBS's Peter Goldmark demonstrates first long-playing phonograph record.... Disc jockey Arthur Godfrey gives washing machine he found in studio to woman in audience. Godfrey: "That'll teach 'em to keep their junk off my show".... **Network television's first full schedule** sees premiere of Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater* and Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town*.... NBC estimates by year's end country will have 750,000 TV sets.... World's **largest telescope dedicated** on Mount Palomar (Calif.).... Jane Wyman divorces Ronald Reagan.... John Szibel complains his wife demands 75 cents an hour for housework.... Daisy Husler sues former husband, Aldewin, for \$3,550, charging he broke heels off her velvet pumps, cut sleeves off her fur coat, punched holes in her nylons, cut backs out of her galoshes and mixed dirt into her face cream.... In Ohio, George Washington divorces wife, Martha. ■



Harry S. Truman



Mohandas K. Gandhi



Loretta Young

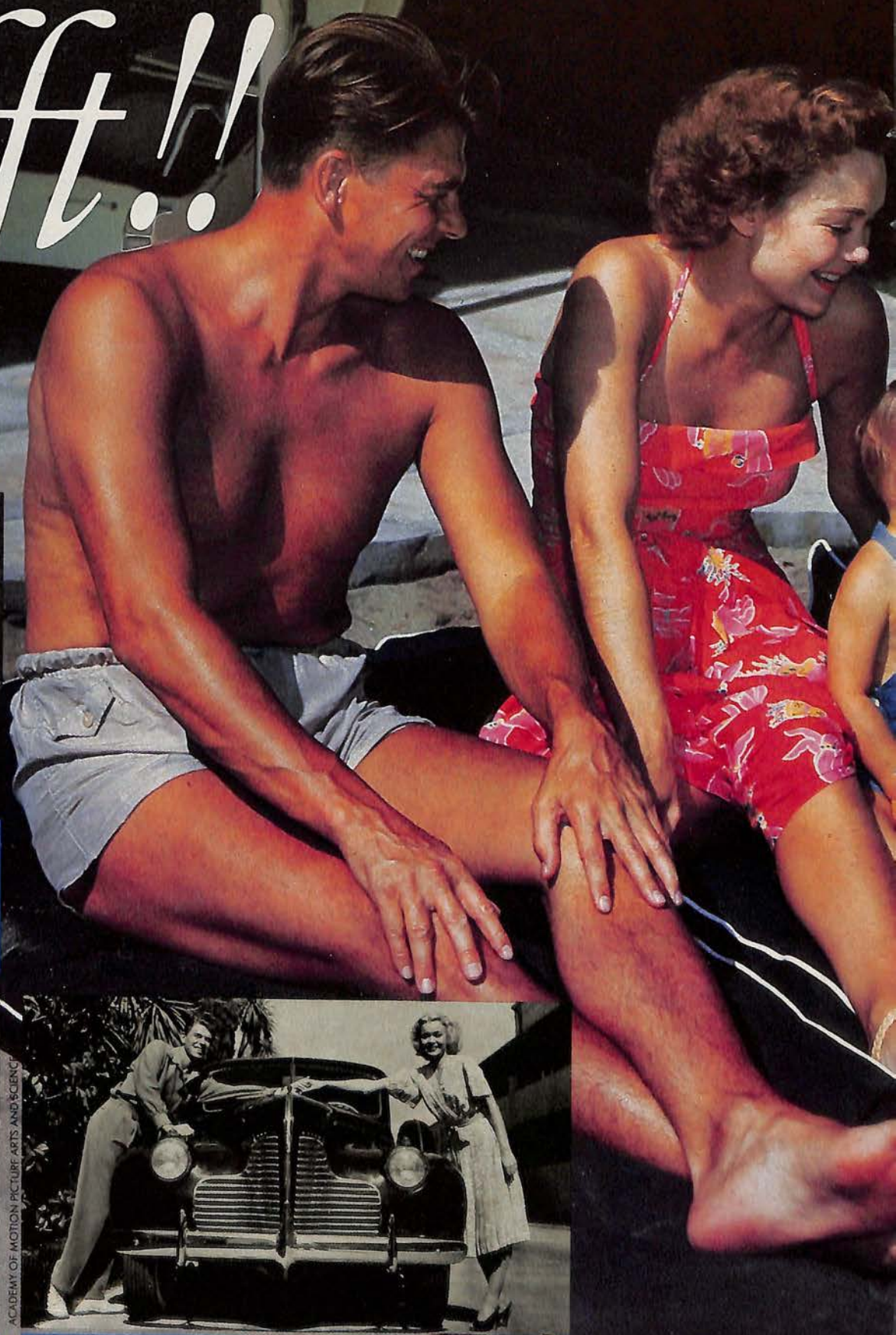


Mount Palomar

40 YEARS AGO: THE 'ADORABLE TWOSOME' CALLS IT QUITS

In her syndicated column, Hedda Hopper revealed the news that Jane Wyman had discarded "the best husband a Hollywood girl ever had."

Phfft!!



Although separated, Jane Wyman, 26, was a married woman when she met straitlaced "Dutch" Reagan, 29, on the Warner Bros. set of *Brother Rat* in 1938. They waited until her divorce from dress manufacturer Myron Futterman was final before appearing together in public, here at a Hollywood bowling party.



Louella Parsons' "favorite love birds" shared a romantic white wedding on Jan. 27, 1940 at a Forest Lawn chapel. The gossip columnist, whom Jane called "mother," hosted the reception.



Before their first anniversary, the newlyweds appeared in three forgettable films together. The next year they celebrated the birth of their first child, Maureen. "Oh, Ronnie," the new mother was quoted as saying to Dad, "it took so long and it's only a girl."

While other young California families were planning Memorial Day picnics that May morning in 1948, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman—Hollywood's "adorable two-some," as columnist Louella Parsons had dubbed them—were sitting their children down to tell them some unpleasant news. Michael, three, didn't fully comprehend, but Maureen, seven, cried after learning that their parents were separating and would seek a divorce.

The first ripples of marital discord had been picked up on Hollywood seismographs almost a year earlier, following the premature birth, and death within hours, of the couple's second daughter. For months after, friends found Wyman inconsolable, even by Reagan. As soon

as she was physically able, she threw herself into the title role of *Johnny Belinda*. Her heart-rending—and, ultimately, Academy Award-winning—portrayal of a deaf mute exhausted her. She would come home from the set each night too drained to exchange more than a few polite words with her husband, whose own career was in decline. Reagan poured himself into the presidency of the Screen Actors Guild, then purging itself of alleged communists. If in private the couple hardly spoke, in public they quarreled.

Wyman tried to share her husband's new interest but gave up as SAG turned into his obsession. She complained that his constant telephoning to union members and speech writing left him little time for her or the children. When the union went on strike, Reagan took to wearing a loaded gun and, to his wife's dismay, even kept it beside him at night. She reportedly told a friend she would sometimes awake to see her husband sitting up in bed holding the gun, having thought he heard noises in the house.

On impulse in November 1947, Wyman took off for New York, alone. "We're through," she told a reporter there. "We're finished, and it's all my fault." A stunned Reagan read the remarks in the newspaper. A friend was quoted at the time as saying it hit Reagan "like a ton of bricks."

The wounded husband responded by telling columnist Parsons that "Jane takes her work too seriously. Jane says she loves me but is no longer

'in love' with me and says this is a fine distinction. I think she is nervous, despondent and therefore feels our life together has become humdrum."

For the sake of the children, the couple attempted a reconciliation in February 1948. It lasted less than 90 days. Years later, Wyman would say she left Reagan because she tired of breakfast-table arguments and her husband's boring political monologues.

Jane Wyman, of course, went on to make many other movies, including *Magnificent Obsession* and *The Glass Menagerie*. After several years out of the limelight, she returned to television in 1981 to play the conniving matriarch Angela Channing on CBS's prime-time soap opera, *Falcon Crest*. (Today she earns more than \$100,000 per episode.) She has been married twice since Reagan, both times to the same man, Fred Karger, a composer and bandleader. Now 74 and again divorced, she lives alone in a Santa Monica condominium, keeping in touch with old pals like Barbara Stanwyck and Loretta Young mostly by phone.

The one subject she steadfastly refuses to discuss is Ronald Reagan. "It's not because I'm bitter or because I disagree with him politically," she told an interviewer. "I've always been a registered Republican. But it's bad taste to talk about ex-husbands and ex-wives, that's all. Also, I don't know a damn thing about politics."



The Reagan family, 1947



As their marriage crumbled, Reagan blamed his wife's dedication to her acting career, which led to her Oscar in the title role of *Johnny Belinda* in 1949. Wyman blamed her husband's obsession with Screen Actors Guild politics. Theirs was the biggest Hollywood divorce story since the breakup of movie greats Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in 1935.

His first novel brought young Norman Mailer fame and riches.
But it also left him feeling "prominent and empty."

The Norman Conquest



Faced with his family's disapproval, Mailer married the first of his six wives, Beatrice Silverman, in secret, six months after his Harvard graduation in 1944. They were divorced in 1951.

Once it became obvious that *The Naked and the Dead* was going to be a best seller, and I would therefore receive that small fame which comes upon any young American who makes a great deal of money in a hurry, I remember that a depression set in on me. I was 25, living in Paris with my first wife, Beatrice, and I had gone through a long leaky French winter in which I discovered once again that I knew very little and had everything still to learn. So I think I probably had been hoping *The Naked and the Dead* would have a modest success, that everyone who read it would think it was extraordinary, but nonetheless the book would not change my life too much. I wished at that time to protect a modest condition. Many of my habits, even the character of my talent, depended on my humility—that word which has become part of the void in our time. I had had humility breathed into me by the war. After four serious years of taking myself seriously at Harvard, the Army gave me but one lesson over and over again: When it came to taking care of myself, I had little to offer next to the practical sense of an illiterate sharecropper. Sometimes I think courage is the most exhaustible of the virtues, and I used up a share of mine in getting through the war with my lip buttoned, since it took all of me to be at best a fair rifleman. No surprise then if I was a modest young man when it was all over. I knew I was not much better and I was conceivably a little less than most of the men I had come to know. At least a large part of me felt that way, and it was the part in command while I was writing *The Naked and The Dead*.

But once free of the Army, I came back to some good luck. My first wife and I had saved some money during the war, and I did not have to work for a year. She believed in me and my family believed in me, and I was able to do my book. *The Naked and The Dead* flowed—I used to write 25 pages of first draft a week, and with a few weeks lost here and there, I still was able to write the novel and rewrite it in 15 months, and I doubt if ever again I will have a book which is so easy to write. When once in a while I look at a page or two these days, I like its confidence—it seems to be at dead center—"Yes," it is always saying, "this is about the way it is."

Naturally, I was blasted a considerable distance away from dead center by the size of its success, and I spent the next few years trying to gobble up the experiences of a victorious man when I was still no man at all, and had no real gift for enjoying life. Such a gift usually comes from a series of small victories artfully achieved; my experience had consisted of many small defeats, a few victories, and one explosion. So success furnished me great energy, but I wasted most of it in the

CULVER PICTURES

By Norman Mailer

Mailer has never lacked for detractors. But who could accuse him of playing it safe?

gears of old habit, and had experience which was overheated, brilliant, anxious, gauche, grim—even, I suspect, killing. My farewell to an average man's experience was too abrupt; never again would I know, in the dreary way one usually knows such things, what it was like to work at a dull job, or take orders from a man one hated. If I had had a career of that in the Army, it now was done—there was nothing left in the first 24 years of my life to write about; one way or another, my life seemed to have been mined and melted into the long reaches of the book. And so I was prominent and empty, and I had to begin life again; from now on, people who knew me would never be able to react to me as a person whom they liked or disliked in small ways, for myself alone (the inevitable phrase of all tear-filled confessions); no, I was a node in a new electronic landscape of celebrity, personality and status. Other people, meeting me, could now unconsciously measure their own status by sensing how I reacted to them. I had been moved from the audience to the stage—I was, on the instant, a man. I could arouse more emotion in others than they could arouse in me; if I had once been a cool observer because some part of me knew that I had more emotion than most and so must protect myself with a cold eye, now I had to guard against arousing the emotions of others, particularly since I had a strong conscience, and a strong desire to do just that—exhaust the emotions of others. If there I was, with two more-than-average passions going in opposed directions, I was obviously a slave to anxiety, a slave to the fear that I could measure my death with every evening on the town, for the town was filled with people who were wired with shocks for the small electrocution of oneself. It is exhausting to live in a psychic landscape of assassins and victims: If once I had been a young man whom many did not notice, and so was able to take a delayed revenge—in my writing I could analyze the ones who bestow the cold tension of self-hatred, or the warmth of liking oneself again, to whichever friends, acquaintances, strangers were weak, ambitious, vulnerable and in love with themselves—which must be of course half the horde of my talented generation.

This was experience unlike the experience I had learned from books, and from the war—this was experience without a name—at the time I used to complain that everything was unreal. It took me years to realize that it was my experience, the only one I would have to remember, that my apparently unconnected rat-scurflings and ego-gobblings could be fitted finally into a drastic vision, an introduction of the brave to the horrible, a dream, a nightmare which would belong to others and yet be my own. Willy-nilly I had had existentialism forced upon me. I was free, or at least whatever was still ready to change in my character had escaped from the social obligations which suffocate others. I could seek to become what I chose to be, and if I failed—there was the ice pick of fear! I would have nothing to excuse failure. I would fail because I had not been brave enough to succeed.

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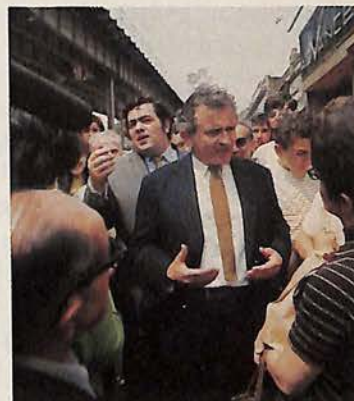
In a rage over poor attendance at a 1960 party to launch his first run for mayor of New York, Mailer stabbed second wife Adele Morales (left) in the chest. She dropped charges but divorced Mailer the next year.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Mailer sparred with former light-heavyweight champion and pal Jose Torres on The Dick Cavett Show. He also almost came to unanticipated blows with writer Gore Vidal on another edition of the Cavett show.



With columnist Jimmy Breslin as his running mate, Mailer captured the 1968 Democratic nomination for mayor of New York. The writers lost overwhelmingly to John Lindsay.



Mailer's sale of his shares of The Village Voice, the weekly he helped found in 1955, underwrote several experimental films. In a fight that developed while shooting Maidstone, director Mailer almost bit actor Rip Torn's ear off.



Mailer and his sixth wife, Norris Church, a painter, had cameo roles in the 1981 production of Ragtime. Mailer portrayed soon-to-be-murdered architect Stanford White.



Mailer filed a \$2 million libel suit against The New York Post in 1982 for this headline. Mailer had helped Abbott, a convicted murderer and gifted writer, gain release from prison. Once free, Abbott quickly killed again.

On location in Provincetown, Mass., Mailer directed the movie version of his Tough Guys Don't Dance. The film was released to mixed reviews last year. Mailer, who turned 65 in January, is now at work on a novel about the C.I.A.



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Kinsey's report on Sexual Behavior in the Human Male sold 250,000 copies and stirred controversy across the nation.

From Kinsey

In 1948, in a small suburban town in New Jersey, two boys, aged 10 and 11, spent their summer Saturdays in the following way: They would amble along the sidewalks of the main street, watching for cars driven by women to pull into parking places. When a lumbering Hudson or Packard appeared with one of the town's many attractive housewives at the wheel, the pair would rush toward the parking car—at a dead run, if the quarry was far off—and, suddenly nonchalant, station themselves opposite the driver's door. If they had timed things well, and if the woman in the car happened to be wearing a straight skirt (which was often the case, given the fashions of the day), the boys might observe three-fourths of the length of a nylon-sheathed, dazzlingly pale female leg, provocative beyond all preteen powers to describe.

The hunters were indefatigable, racing from car to car until the stores began to close; their senses grew keener as the day wore on, and the sweaty thrills of victory seemed never to diminish. I know, having been the younger of the two, elaborately ignorant on the subject of sex, yet already formidably drawn to the unknown terrain of the female thigh. Such was the state of male sexuality, junior division, 40 years ago.

Earlier that same year, in the adult world, an unlikely publishing event had taken place that cast new—and, to many, glaring—light on the state of male sexuality, senior division. As a result, sex—of the uptight, downplayed, let's-not-talk-about-it sort that had been imported to America by the Pilgrims—would never be the same. In January 1948, the staid Philadelphia publisher, W. B. Saunders Company, introduced an 804-page volume filled with statistical charts and plodding prose entitled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Although co-authored by three Indiana University faculty members, the report quickly came to be known by the name of one, Dr. Alfred Kinsey, a zoologist whose specialty was the classification of insects. Just as quickly, it seemed, the nearly three-pound Kinsey Report—called by the publishing trade “the least-read best seller”—had sold 250,000 copies and set off fierce debates between those who deplored and those who applauded its findings.

At the center of the controversy was the revelation that American men were far less straitlaced than anyone had thought. Two-thirds of all adolescent boys in the survey said they masturbated. Nearly 85 percent of all men surveyed said they had had premarital sexual intercourse by the age of 20 and nearly 50 percent of the married men surveyed admitted to extra-marital affairs. Some form of homosexual activity (a phrase that rarely entered polite conversation) activity occurred in 40 to 70 percent of



WIDE WORLD/AP

what the report described as “normal, socially well-adjusted populations.”

Kinsey, a solidly married 58-year-old who looked more like an F.B.I. agent than a college professor, was accused of encouraging “unbridled license” (though the authors had taken pains to point out they reported only “on what people do, which raises no question of what they should do”). Anthropologist Margaret Mead, on the other hand, claimed that in using the word “outlet” to describe sex, Kinsey was upholding the Puritan tradition that the body should not be used for pleasure. Scientists complained that the sample group—5,300 white males—produced flawed data, ignoring the fact that the book admitted as much. Kinsey jumped into the fray and asserted that the sex habits of humans are little different

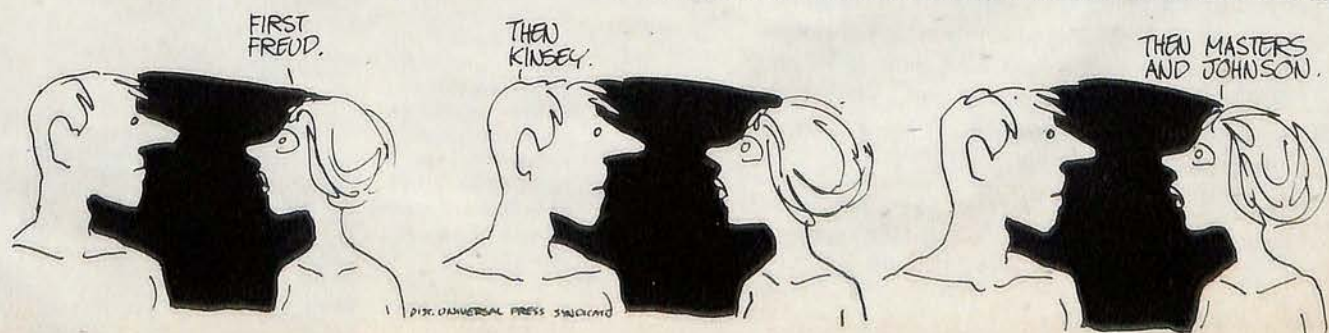
from those of other mammals. This was not what the genteel folk of the postwar American-dream years particularly wanted to hear.

Four decades later, it's hard to remember a climate in which a book of dry statistics could arouse such rancor and concern, though it helps to recall that censors in those days forbade filmmakers to show married couples in the same bed, and even movie scenes depicting moist kisses were routinely cut. After all, the bikini bathing suit, today capable of raising little more than the occasional eyebrow at the beach, was named for its seismic impact—as great, it was said, as an atomic blast on Bikini Atoll.

The book intruded rudely into a world in which a glimpse of stocking could still be shocking to a young boy's nervous system, where “nice girls didn't,” and where mothers warned their sons that masturbation caused madness (many of us almost went crazy with worry). And in so doing, it made sexuality a legitimate subject of conversation. Comedians joked about “that awkward age—too old for the Bobbsey Twins, too young for Kinsey.” Reinhold Niebuhr and other theologians carried the report's findings into the pulpit, if only to deplore what it said about the state of American morals. Thanks to Kinsey and his associates, sex was out of the closet, to be discussed at dinner tables and debated at symposia.

The report's dry presentation of facts about the way men lived (or, at least, the way *some* men lived) went a long way toward eroding the prevailing hypocrisy, and the tremors reverberated for years. (Nearly a decade later, I recall friends at college complaining bitterly about the report's finding that males reached their sexual peak at 18, whereas females did not mature sexually until their mid-30's, an incompatibility only too agonizingly affirmed by our experiences at women's colleges).

But to suggest that the book launched what came to be known as the



JULES FEIFFER

...to Koop

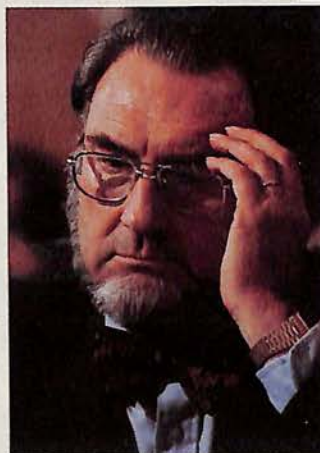
By Owen Edwards

sexual revolution would not be accurate. Just because everybody began talking about sex did not mean they did very much more about it, and sexual behavior changed little in the 50's. When Helen Gurley Brown published *Sex and the Single Girl* in 1962, the idea that an unmarried woman might offer more than the occasional good-night kiss set off another seismic shock.

Well into the 60's, the consequences of illegitimate pregnancy and early marriage (or back-room abortions) continued to be sobering enough to perpetuate wariness in women and patience in men. Courtships were structured to provide many stops before the point of no return. And whether successful or not, the act of seduction, like trench warfare, continued to be measured in infinitesimally small gains of territory spread out over long periods of time.

What the report had done, however, was to prepare the country for what came next. And what came next was the Pill, which signalled nothing less than one of the most extraordinary realignments of sexual boundaries in history. Ancient, elaborately constructed walls fell, seemingly overnight. The changes brought about by what one feminist writer called "the conquest of anxiety" were trumpeted by the same magazines that little more than a decade before had railed against "teen-age depravity." Statisticians turned from questions about whether nice girls did to questions about how often they did it, and with how many partners. The storm troops of the new age championed marriages in which fidelity was irrelevant if not archaic. Doris Day bantering innocently with Rock Hudson in the 50's movie *Pillow Talk* became, in the 60's, Mia Farrow introducing herself to Dustin Hoffman after waking up with him in the morning in *John and Mary*. The new credo was, "If it feels good, do it," and for those who didn't approve as well as those who did, it seemed certain that nothing would ever be the same again.

Because history is constructed of spirals, not circles, nothing can ever be quite as it once was. But for reasons only the most apocalyptic prophets could have predicted, the era that began with Kinsey came full spiral not long ago. As the Kinsey Report opened the door to a new way of thinking and talking about sex, another report, this one by Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, suggested measures no less stringent than any preached to the Pilgrim faithful. Which of us, in the hedonistic 70's, could have imagined the following admonition in a government document? "Single teen-age girls have been warned that pregnancy and contracting sexually transmitted diseases can be the result of only one act of sexual intercourse. They have been taught to say NO to sex!"



DIANA WALKER, GAMMA LIAISON

For children of the 60's, saying no to something pleasurable may be an entirely new, perhaps even exotic, idea. But for those who remember the desperate struggles of the 50's against unbreachable walls of resistance, the Koop language sounds painfully familiar. Alas, along with its other ravages, the threat of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases seems to have reinvigorated the prohibitions of that dour decade.

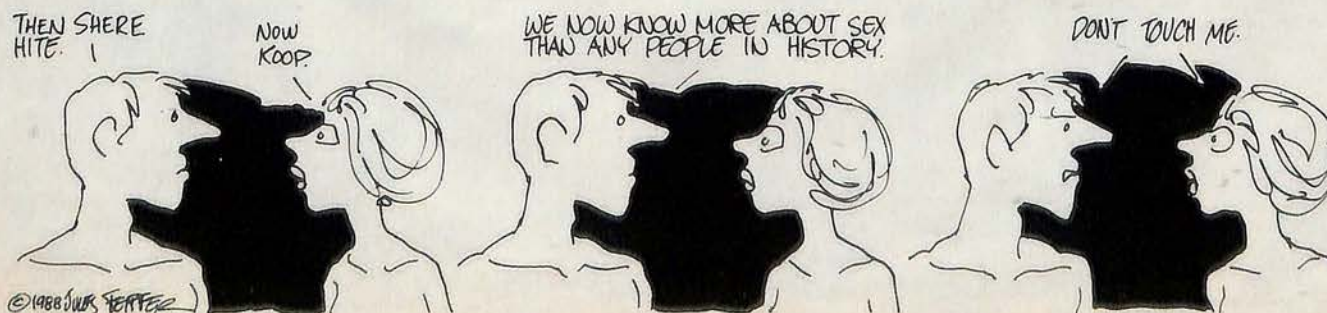
Posters in New York City subway cars display the double-entendre: "Don't leave home without your rubbers." San Francisco bus signs are less coy: "Use condoms!" they command. Newspapers print the Koop Report verbatim, promising it "could save your life." Helen Singer Kaplan, a pioneering sex therapist, has challenged the disease-preventive effectiveness of condoms and recommends at least six months of what amounts to heavy petting for new couples until they have established that neither carries the AIDS virus. And Ann Landers urges celibacy on her readers with the same barely muted glee she employed three long decades ago. The word "plague" is pervasive.

Watching a fairly torrid scene on television recently with my teen-age son, I was astonished to hear him say about an alluring character, "Oh, she probably has AIDS." His reaction gave me the gloomy feeling that his adolescence might all too closely parallel my own, right down to its rigid rules and litany of no's.

A return to Puritanism would not displease everyone, of course. However widespread its effect, the sexual revolution did not convert everyone—nor even, perhaps, a majority—to its ranks. Many people were uncomfortable, or downright horrified, when life's unmentionables became the lingua franca of the American mass media. In the age of AIDS, it's not hard to imagine men and women across the country, pursing their lips and, with satisfied nods, declaring, "Well, that's finally the end of that."

But while there will always be those who yearn for the good old days when Peggy Sue got married before going all the way, it's unlikely that we'll ever go back to a time when sexual ignorance posed as bliss, and the double standard was a single-minded hypocrisy. Still, for the moment, it would seem that we have let the good times roll about as far as they can, which is the relatively brief, if almost immeasurable, distance between the good Doctors Kinsey and Koop.

Owen Edwards is the co-author of Quintessence, the founding editor of Parenting magazine and a frequent contributor to a wide range of publications.



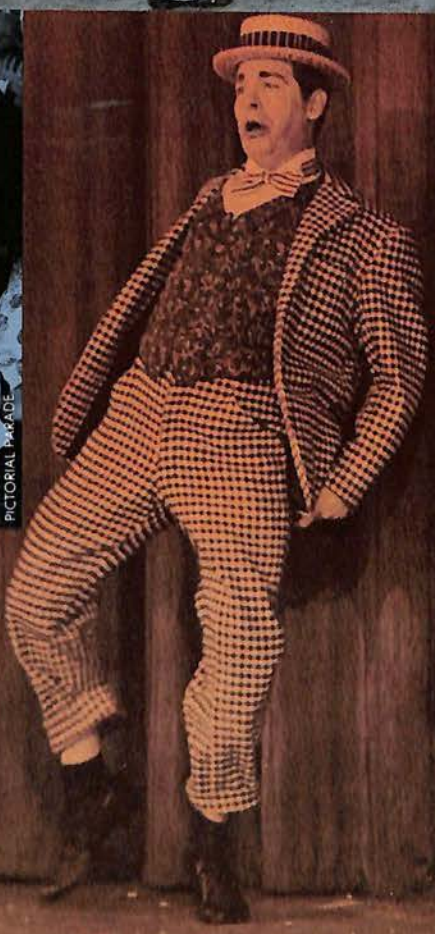
CULVER PICTURES



CULVER PICTURES



PICTORIAL PARADE



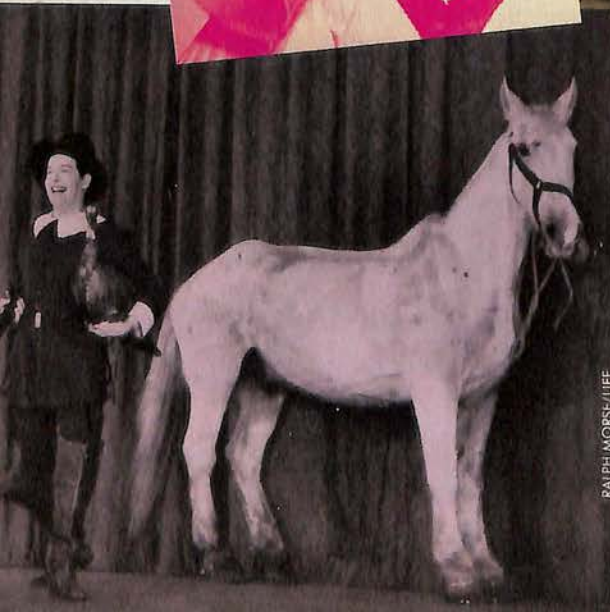
CULVER PICTURES



RALPH MORSE/LIFE



RALPH MORSE/LIFE



Americans were splurging on television sets, in part to watch one new show: Milton Berle's Texaco Star Theater.

"Did TV Use Me. What're You, Nuts?"

At 39, Milton Berle, ex-vaudevillian turned radio comic, finally got his big break: his own weekly television program. Berle's show set a madcap pace. Squirting seltzer at evening-gowned blondes, dressed as an Eskimo on a dogsled, done up as Carmen Miranda or Cinderella, Berle was a man foolish enough to appeal to the child in all of us. In a nation still shaking off the angst of its bloodiest war, Berle provided an antidote of televised insanity. His slapstick formula was simple: Do anything to make 'em howl. By the end of the year, Berle had won the hearts of postwar America; he'd become "Mr. Television."

Berle was a blast, and a whole generation of children—myself included—planted themselves in front of the television set on Tuesday nights at eight, cracking up at the same shtick that had wowed an earlier generation in vaudeville palaces across the country. When the show was over and the exhausted clown, having done everything possible to please us, said, "Listen to your Uncle Miltie, and go straight to bed," we did what we were told.

For seven years Berle kept us in stitches. And then, his ratings having fallen off, on June 14, 1955 the show was cancelled. Berle hit bottom.

Even his autobiography, *Milton Berle*, begins with that ending, the day his show was cancelled: "It wasn't just the end of my seventh season," he writes. "It was the end of everything I had worked for. . . . My life," he continued, "runs on guilt and adrenalin. . . . I can remember failure more than success. . . . I can stand anything but happiness. . . . and I wonder: Did anybody really love me?" All this past history is in my mind as I

drive to the Friars Club in Beverly Hills a week before Milton Berle's 79th birthday. I review the thesis I've developed by reading his book and old clips: That new media (like TV) use old formats (like vaudeville) until the new media invent formats of their own (like situation comedies). Unlike pure television creations such as Jackie Gleason's Ralph Kramden or Carrol O'Connor's Archie Bunker, vaudeville's Uncle Miltie, sadly but simply, got left behind.

But sitting under a smelly cloud of smoke at a round table with a half-dozen cronies, and speaking in Yiddish-flavored New Yorkese, Uncle Miltie doesn't look like a man who got left behind. Impeccably dressed in a brown cashmere herringbone jacket, he sits up straight, a fabulously expensive cigar in hand. Words tumble out of his elastic mouth in great torrents. Damon Runyon wrote about guys like this.

"All right, you schmucks," he tells his cronies, "I gotta talk to this writer alone." Leading me to a large booth in the back, Uncle Miltie walks slowly, but with a youthful spring. He asks me to scoot in close. His smile is a wonder. His eyes twinkle, his apple cheeks redden, his countenance says, "love me." He's still cute—and he knows it.

Now he's setting the ground rules. "If you're talking and I hold up my hands to form a 'T,'" he demonstrates autocratically, "that means 'time out.' My turn to talk."

Thus warned, I proceed cautiously. Afraid of asking my big question—"Do you see yourself as a has-been?"—I open on a neutral note.

"Did television use you?"

"Use me?" His eyes widen. "What are you, nuts? For five years, I was on top. That's a long time in this business.



Milton Berle won a talent contest at age 7.



By David Ritz

I taught TV a few things, if that's what you mean—like the isolated camera. But being used? Forget it."

Then why, I ask, does he sound so unhappy in his book?

"Remember," he says, "I signed a \$6 million, 30-year exclusive contract with NBC in 1951. I thought that meant financial security, but it actually meant jail. If NBC didn't want to use me on TV, no one else could. That hurt. I finally freed myself when I took a 40 percent cut in '65 for the right to appear on other networks."

"But before that, during your triumphant years, you describe yourself as miserable."

"I didn't have time to enjoy the success—that's why. I was busy as a cockroach, being the producer and the director and every other thing you can imagine. I'd wrap up one show and they'd say, 'Great, Milton, but what about next week?' and the rat race would start all over again."

"Wasn't it the focus on personal relationships," I ask, "in sitcoms like *I Love Lucy* that replaced your brand of slapstick?"

"Bull!" he barks. "First of all, don't knock slapstick. Slapstick will be around when you and I are ancient history. And secondly, my show incorporated a dozen little sitcom sketches. I planted all the seeds. I even had a sitcom when *Texaco Star Theater* was on radio. Called it *The Berles at Home*."

The more Berle talks, the faster.

"I think of comedy as art. Now, a comic's a guy who says funny things, but a comedian's a guy who says things funny. See the difference? I've been giving college comedy seminars for 15 years. I teach the kids about timing and breathing, I tell 'em about structure, about cutting the crap and honing it down till you get perfection. All the greats—Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers—they had timing. They weren't afraid of silence."

I return to my thesis and his decline. In the early 60's he had hosted an expensive television show called *TV Jackpot Bowling*. "Didn't that feel like a step down?" I ask him.

"Schmuck," he says with a wide grin, "I was pulling in \$25,000 a week from that show. Plus I had a piece of the action. Look, you're making this story too sad. I was a big nightclub star before TV and I was a big nightclub star afterwards—Vegas, Tahoe, Miami Beach—hell, I still get six figures for eight shows, and this is two years after my open-heart surgery. I play golf. I might even box you. I'm telling ya, there's never been a slowdown. I'm doing a *Movie of the Week* with Sid Caesar and Danny Thomas about three guys in the rag business. Funny script. And I got a surprise that's going to make your whole story."

"What is it?"

"Later," he teases. "Go on with your questions." Abandoning my thesis, I try a more personal tack. His melancholy memoir paints a vivid portrait of his mother—part agent, part manager, part producer—who, in Berle's words, "made Gypsy Rose Lee's mom look like Mary Poppins." From the time he was five, when she stuck him in silent movies, until her 1954 death, Mama Berle dominated her son's life. (Her demise anticipated his decline; a year after her death,



"My family makes me happy," says the clown. Milton and Ruth have been married 34 years.

Berle was bounced from his throne by Phil Silvers' Sergeant Bilko.)

"Do you still think of your mother?"

"All the time."

Now Uncle Miltie is looking into my eyes like he's looking into a camera.

"See, Mama was a policewoman, one of the first. And she was aggressive with my career. We were partners. I did everything to please her—and then some. So many heartaches. But Papa, who never made much money, was the mother in my life. Everything was switched around. Papa stayed home and took care of my older brothers while me, Mama, and my little sister were on the road, making my career. So I missed Papa. I loved Mama dearly. But Papa, him I adored."

"Are you a happy man?"

"I remember pain, but I live with happiness. My family makes me happy. My wife, Ruth, God bless her, is my biggest supporter. I respect her greatly. We've been married 34 years. A good marriage. My daughter and my son and

my grandchildren—they bring me much pleasure. Also my work. Work is all I know. If Milton Berle goes two weeks without working, he doesn't have any fingernails."

"You said you had a surprise for me," I remind him.

"Today's *Variety*. Take a look." He opens the paper to a headline: "Berle to Mark 40th Anniversary with 'Best Of' Show."

"Does this look like decline?" he asks. "I own all 300 of my original shows from the 40's and 50's. I've just edited them down to 130 half-hour programs. For syndication. I made the deal with Coca-Cola/Columbia, and I'm kicking it off with an hour special, with me on camera doing wraparounds from my home library. This is the best of the best. Look what *Variety* says: 'Kinescope will be computer-enhanced and ultrasonically washed with the audio digitally remixed.' I'm telling ya, I'm high tech. And listen to my lineup: Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Phil Silvers, Ronald Reagan, Red Skelton, Edward G. Robinson, Martha Raye—plus Martin's and Lewis's television debut. I had 'em first, and I had Elvis shaking his thing, which I didn't cover up like Sullivan did. You should see us doing 'Hound Dog' together. And just about the time these shows air, *B.S. I Love You* [a personal history of his 50 years in the Friars Club] is coming out."

"Are you sleeping well?"

"Now you're worried about my health. What is it with you?" he asks. I'm relieved to see he is smiling.

"I know you've suffered with insomnia."

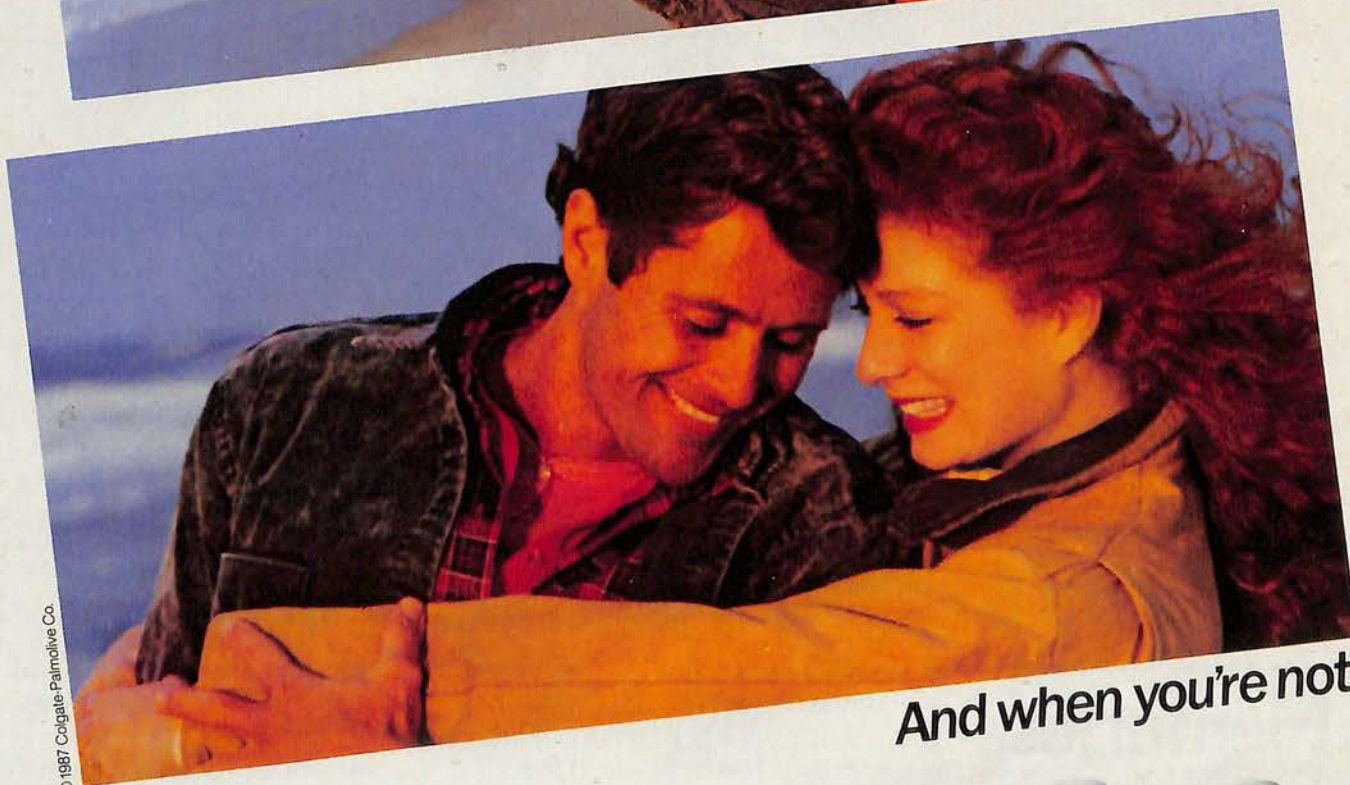
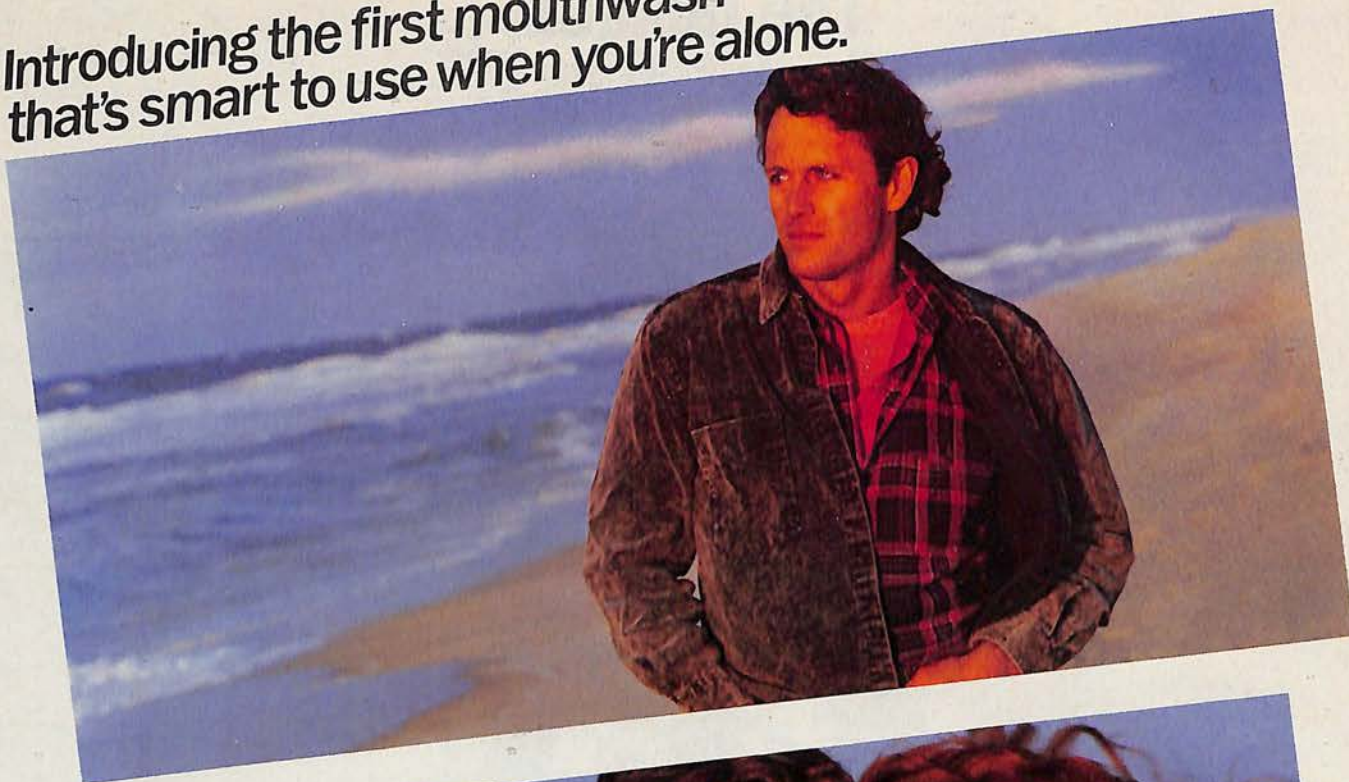
"I'm telling you, I'm not suffering. I won't tell you what to write—my wife says, 'Never tell a writer what to write'—but please tell your readers: Milton Berle's doing fine."

I think of him as a piece of good rye bread—crusty around the edges, but soft in the middle. In the parking garage, we shake hands before he climbs into his Volvo and, alone, drives off into the bright afternoon. Watching him disappear, I remember his quick answer to my last question, "What's your greatest contribution?"

"Making people laugh."

David Ritz, a novelist, lyricist and the biographer of Ray Charles and Marvin Gaye, is writing a movie with Tommy Chong of Cheech and Chong.

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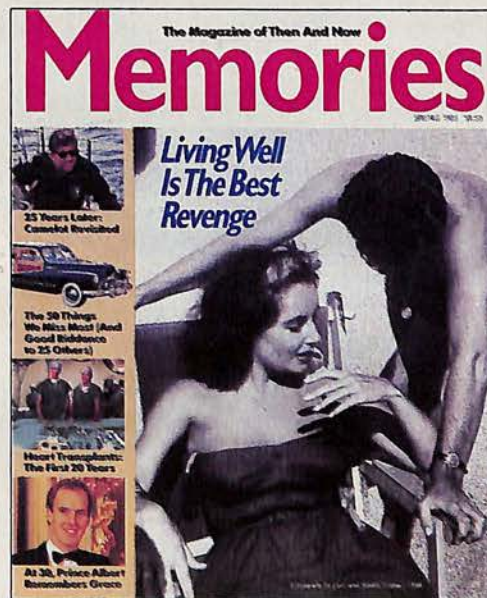
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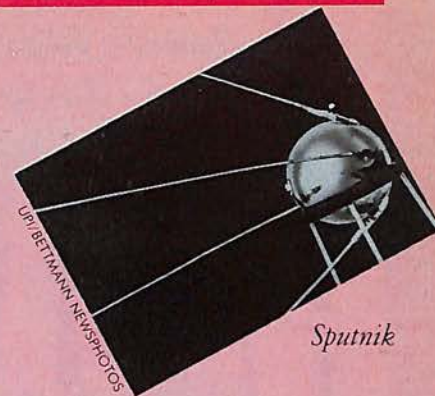
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Jan.-1958-June

Under Sputnik's Shadow



Ike and Sherman Adams



Nixon in Latin America



Khrushchev in power

Sputnik comes down, USA's Explorer I is launched.... Unemployment high, recession deep.... Ike sends ships to the Caribbean after **Veep Nixon gets spat upon in Latin America**.... Scandal envelops Ike's right-hand man, Sherman Adams.... Quiz show investigations continue.... Egypt and Syria form United Arab Republic under President Gamal Nasser.... Civil War erupts in Sukarno's Indonesia.... **Nikita Khrushchev's election as Premier** consolidates his control of Soviet Union.... In Lebanon, Moslem rebellion breaks out against Christian government.... When **French military officers in Algeria rise up** against French government, General Charles DeGaulle demands (and gets) emergency powers, calls for elections and a new constitution.... The Shah of Iran divorces Queen Soraya for

failing to produce a male heir.... **Princess Grace of Monaco gives birth** to heir, Prince Albert.... Twenty-three-year-old Van Cliburn, from Kilgore, Tex., takes Moscow by storm, wins Tchaikovsky International Piano Competition.... Movie producer **Mike Todd killed in airplane crash**, best friend Eddie

Fisher and wife, Debbie, rush to console widow Elizabeth Taylor.... Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl Crane, stabs and kills

mother's hoodlum boyfriend, Johnny Stompanato.... **Guns smoke and Danny Thomas Show lead TV ratings**....

Movies: Marlon Brando in *The Young Lions*, Jimmy Stewart and Kim Novak in Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* and Mitzi Gaynor in *South Pacific*.... **Elvis Presley joins the Army**.... A novelty tune, "Purple People Eater," by Sheb Wooley, tops music charts.... On Broadway, Robert Preston is *The Music Man*, Anne Bancroft and Henry Fonda are *Two for the Seesaw* and Laurence Olivier is *The Entertainer*.... Baseball season opens for the first time with West Coast teams: On opening day, San Francisco Giants beat Los Angeles Dodgers, 8-0. Not playing for the Dodgers is catcher **Roy Campanella, paralyzed** in January car crash.... New fashion sensation, the chemise, or sack dress, gets mixed reviews.... **Ford loses \$250**

million on the Edsel.... Gallup Poll names Eleanor Roosevelt most admired woman in America; Elizabeth II is runner-up.... The state of Alaska is admitted to the Union.... John R. Tettig tells Indianapolis judge he drove stolen car across state line because food better in Federal prison.... When Circuit Judge Sam C. Blair visits state pen, prison band toasts him with spirited rendition of "You Send Me."



Van Cliburn

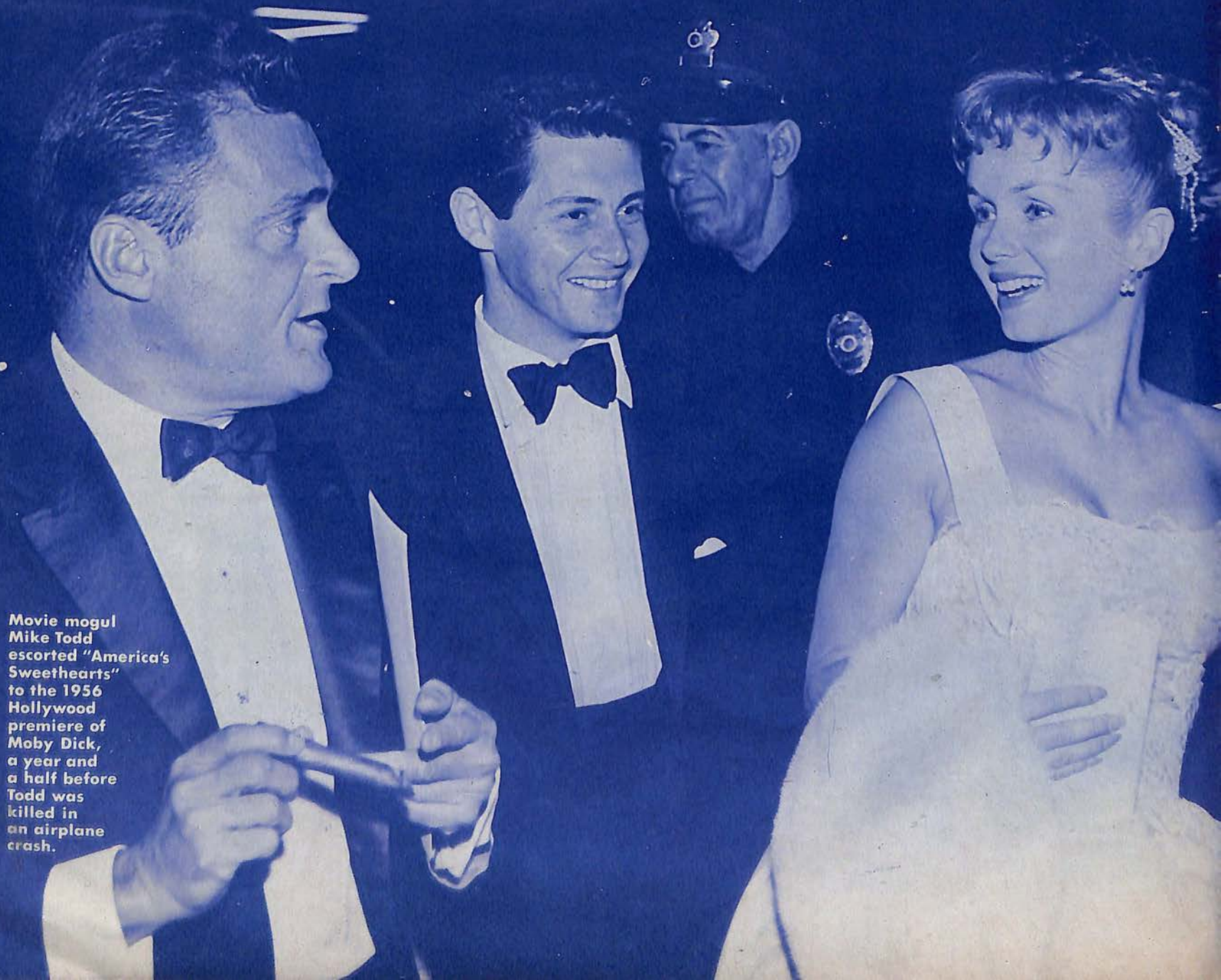
Brando in *Sayonara*

Guns smoke

30 YEARS AGO: EDDIE LEAVES DEBBIE FOR LIZ

Mike Todd's friends Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds rushed to console his devastated widow, Elizabeth Taylor; Eddie lingered.

HEARTBREAKER



Movie mogul Mike Todd escorted "America's Sweethearts" to the 1956 Hollywood premiere of *Moby Dick*, a year and a half before Todd was killed in an airplane crash.



It had all the elements of a TV mini-series: youth, beauty, wealth, violent death, lust, adultery and abandonment. The key players were a baby-faced crooner, his fresh-scrubbed wife and America's reigning sex goddess. Separately the three were merely compelling. Thrown together by passion, they became the most volatile triangle of their time, dominating headlines and dwarfing far greater events as only a classic scandal can. We may not have known what caused the deepest recession since the end of World War II nor why angry crowds were spitting on Vice President Nixon in Latin America, but it seemed that no one in America, that spring of 1958, lacked an opinion about Eddie, Debbie and Liz.

Pfc. Eddie Fisher, the curly-haired singer from South Philadelphia, had captured the heart of America while still in the uniform of the United States Army. With the blessings of his many fans, Fisher also captured the heart of America's sweetheart, Debbie Reynolds, the tap-dancing, girl-next-door-turned-movie-star of *Singin' in the Rain* and *Tammy*. They had married in 1955 and quickly produced two cherubic children, Todd and Carrie.

The mini-series script would probably start with the events of 1956, when Elizabeth Taylor, twice married and herself the mother of two, began a much-publicized romance with Mike Todd, the flamboyant movie mogul, while still married to British actor Michael Wilding. A public divorce followed the public cuckolding, and Todd married Taylor in Acapulco in February 1957. The witnesses? Todd's best friend, Eddie Fisher, and Fisher's young wife, Debbie Reynolds.

Just over a year later Todd died in a fiery plane crash. Fisher and Reynolds, who had regularly double-dated with the Todds, rushed to comfort the widow in her hour of grief. The hours turned into days. Within five months, Taylor had joined Fisher in New York, while back in Hollywood Reynolds gave the role of the aggrieved wife her all, meeting the press at her front door sporting pigtails, wearing diaper pins in her blouse and bouncing baby Carrie on her hip.

It was then the public learned that the Fisher-Taylor friendship had blossomed into something more. And when the lovers visited the same Catskills resort where Fisher had married Reynolds three years earlier, America turned indignant. The press, in full cry, recast the players: Reynolds made a sympathetic victim. Elizabeth Taylor, so recently bereaved, was now the home-wrecking vixen, and Fisher became the cad who ditched his sweet wife and two small children to follow her. Gossip columnists savaged him. His network television show was cancelled. On his opening night at the Tropicana in Las Vegas, he saw protesters carrying signs reading "Keep the Marriage Vows, Eddie," though someone in his retinue was able to keep from him the carloads of hate mail that poured in from around the world. (It was not till he read the letters, years later, he says now, that he "realized for the first time how deeply I had offended many people, how profoundly I had violated the standards of conventional morality.")

Elizabeth Taylor traded her mourning garments for a fourth wedding dress in May of 1959. The five-year Fisher-Taylor marriage, including two years of separation, veered from domestic bliss replete with kids (hers) and dogs (theirs) to star-studded hoopla as both continued their careers. Fisher sang (Vegas, New York, even Moscow) and Taylor made movies:

By Katie Kelly

Fisher and Taylor honeymooned in Barcelona following their marriage (he for the second time, she for the fourth) in May 1959. Fisher "adored Mike," Taylor says today, "and we resurrected him. That's all we had in common."



Suddenly Last Summer; *Butterfield 8*. In between, there were illnesses (mostly hers) and fights (theirs).

Then came *Cleopatra*. It was while filming that extravaganza, of course, that Taylor met her Mark, played by Richard Burton, and gave the world a whole new scandal to feast upon. The Fisher-Taylor alliance, born in a blaze of headlines, ended with another massive ink spill as Taylor went public with Burton. The Liz and Dick Show, as anyone over the age of 12 must surely know, would run for years, through two stormy marriages and two divorces.

While her film career has had as many ups (two Oscars) and downs as her dress size, Elizabeth Taylor's greatest role—as herself—continues to hold her audience rapt. The mid-70's saw one of her finest performances as Washington, D.C. doyenne and wife to former Secretary of the Navy and now Senator John Warner (her sixth marriage). More recently, following a visit to the Betty Ford Center for drug and alcohol problems and to the Palm-Aire health spa, she emerged slim, taut, radiant and on the arm of actor George Hamilton IV to champion fund raising for AIDS research. Even her detractors concede that her early and ardent support of the cause, widely attributed to her friendship with AIDS victim Rock Hudson, went a long way toward destigmatizing the disease and making it a cause worthy of support.

And the others?

Debbie Reynolds married Harry Karl, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, in 1960, the year after her divorce from Fisher. For a time, until major offers stopped coming in, she continued to make movies: *The Mating Game*, *The Singing Nun* and *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, for which she won an Oscar nomination. In 1971, Karl's business failed and Reynolds took to the road to pay his bills, which, because of notes she had signed, were hers as well. Karl was a heavy gambler, and after he ran up \$2 million in gambling debts, she wanted out. They were divorced in 1973. By then, Reynolds's personal fortune was gone. She starred on Broadway in *Irene*, toured with *Irene and Annie Get Your Gun*, even took her nightclub act to the London Palladium for a one-woman show. In 1983, she returned to Broadway to follow Raquel Welch in *Woman of the Year*.

Today, at age 55, she is out of debt and is married to real estate developer Richard Hamlett. She works periodically—last summer she filmed *Sadie and Son*, a TV movie about a mother-son police team. But, she says, she doesn't "want to work myself into the grave."

Reynolds claims the wounds of 1958 have long since healed but admits she and Fisher "are not close friends. We're simply acquaintances because of our children." The "children," of course, are actress (and fledgling novelist) Carrie Fisher, who played Princess Leia in the *Star Wars* trilogy and was married briefly to singer Paul Simon, and Todd, named for Mike, who owns an electronics business in California.

Of the three, Fisher's road appears to have been the roughest. For a time, after Richard Burton turned the tables on him, Fisher kept his career afloat with a lucrative Las Vegas contract and occasional hit records (such as "Games Lovers Play" in 1966). "Of course, I had been humiliated in front of the whole world," he says today, "but I felt that as long as I had the ability to go out on the stage and entertain, nothing could go wrong."

But as, over the years, the Beatles, psychedelia and the rock explosion eroded what was left of his diminished popu-

larity, Fisher turned to Max ("Dr. Feelgood") Jacobson, who prescribed amphetamines. Then came Fisher's stormy affair with actress Connie Stevens (Cricket on the TV series "Hawaiian Eye"). Their 14-month marriage in 1968 began four months after the birth of their first daughter, Joely, and ended four months after the birth of their second, Tricia. By then, Fisher had become hopelessly addicted to speed. He was shooting up anywhere from three to 20 times a day. "I blew it," he admits. "By 1969, I knew I blew it. My life was a mess."

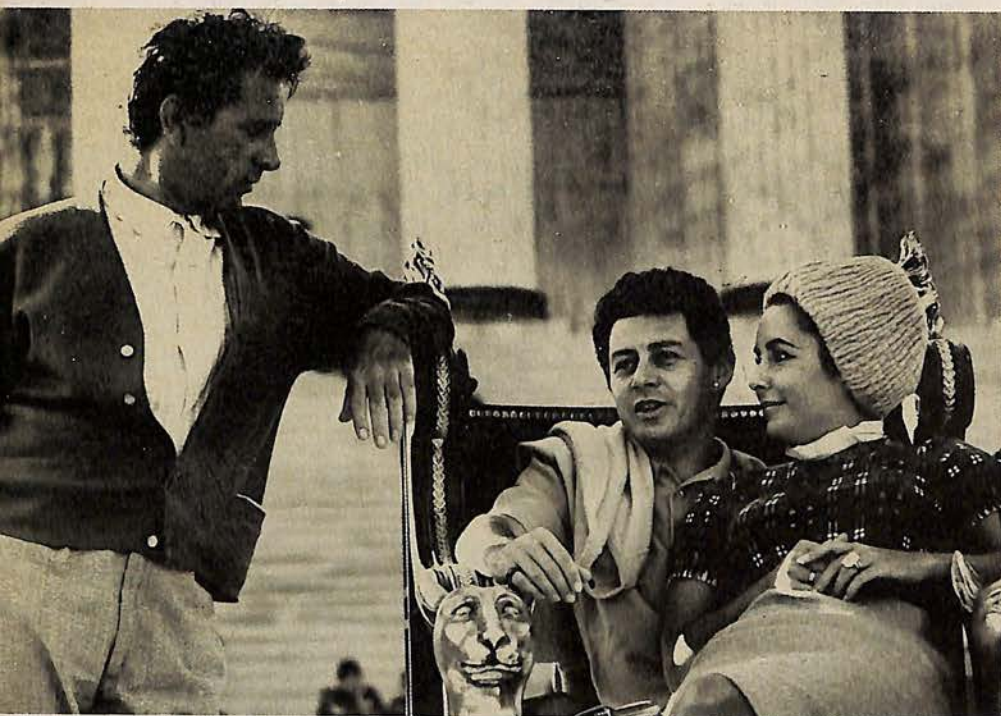
He was gambling, losing thousands of dollars in a single night; at one point, he went through \$200,000 worth of cocaine in three months. To pay for it, Fisher was reduced to playing any club that would take him. As his reputation for unreliability spread, the dives got divier. "I didn't work Syracuse," Fisher recalls, "I worked outside Syracuse."

During the dark days, he says today, he maintained a tenuous hold on reality with the help of a few loyal friends (columnist Rona Barrett, publicist Howard Eisenberg, comic Lenny Gaines) and, ultimately, through the support of his daughter Carrie. It was she who urged him to leave Hollywood and move to New York, where at last he faced up to his situation. (Carrie, who—ironically—has admitted to drug problems of her own, blames her father's affair with Taylor in part for the breakup of her own marriage to Paul Simon. "Since my father went away when I was two," she says, "what I wait for with every man is when he's going to leave. I leave first because I can't face that.")

Until his move to New York, Fisher says, "I blamed everyone but myself: my doctor, my manager, my wives. In the

On location in Spain for *Suddenly Last Summer*, in 1959, Taylor threw herself into the role of a woman coming to terms with ghastly memories; Fisher worked hard at the role of stepfather to Taylor's two sons.





UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

It was while filming Cleopatra in Rome, in 1962, that Taylor met Richard Burton. Once again a Taylor romance would occupy the world's headlines for weeks. Today, Fisher claims no bitterness toward Burton.

By 1969, "my life was a mess," says Fisher, shown here with fourth wife Terry Richard, Miss Louisiana 1973 (left, below). In one three-month period he spent \$200,000 on cocaine. He credits daughter Carrie (below right) with his rehabilitation.

end, I understood I was primarily responsible for the long slide down. And I'd have to be responsible for the long climb back."

That long climb began in 1970 when Jack Kelly, a former Atlantic City policeman, got Fisher into his first drug treatment program in Switzerland, where he kicked his amphetamine habit. In the following years, a string of psychiatrists and doctors helped him drop tranquilizers and sleeping pills as well. He began singing again (in 1978 he toured with a 50's nostalgia show). By 1981, with a collaborator's help, he had written his autobiography (*Eddie: My Life, My Loves*) and had returned to performing solo, soaking up heartfelt applause in Atlantic City and, yes, the Catskills.

Fisher was married a fourth time in 1975, to Terry Richard, an aspiring actress and a former Miss World candidate; they were divorced after six months. "If you marry an actress," he says today, "you're crazy. Marry two, they should put you away. But four?..." He rolls his eyes. "How dumb," he laughs, ruefully.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

"But I can't say I regretted them—because I have my children." He sees all four children frequently and will recount their accomplishments at the merest hint of interest. Joely, 19, is a student at Emerson College in Massachusetts. "She sings better than I do," he boasts. Tricia, 18, is an actress. "She's going to be a big star," he predicts.

Considering his nearly two decades of drug abuse, Fisher at 58 looks remarkably fit. His hair is still curly, his smile wide, his eyes warm. In deference to a paunch, he chooses Diet over Classic Coke. He lives quietly in a comfortable Manhattan high-rise with Jazz, his Jack Russell terrier. He likes to read and to root for the Mets, and he has developed an interest in politics. (On Reagan: "What a jerk!")

A few times each year, he hits the road to sing the songs that made him famous to mostly middle-aged audiences, playing small clubs, theaters-in-the-round and dinner theaters across the country. He is not a headliner. "When I first started in this business, I could work anywhere," he says. "I could pick and choose. Now... it's different; I have to convince people I still have it. A lot of people come to see me out of curiosity, to see if I can still do it." He laughs. "I surprise a lot of people that I can still belt out a song."

Does Fisher miss the big time? "Sure I miss it," he says. "It was my whole life." But he insists he is not bitter. "After what I did to myself over the years, I'm lucky to be alive." He pauses. "I was dumb. Awfully dumb. I thought it would last forever."

Fisher turns aside questions about the 1958 triangle except to say that his marriage to Reynolds was over before Todd died and before he began his relationship with Taylor. Reminded that he has said he would never have married Liz if he had known the pain it would cause, he shrugs. "What can I say? Love is blind." Curiously, he claims no bitterness even toward Burton, crediting him for supporting Fisher's visitation rights to the Wilding, Todd and Fisher children.

But while he tries to put the echoes of his thunderous liaison behind him, they still resound 30 years later. At a party recently, Fisher sat next to Maria Fisher Burton, the baby he and Taylor adopted in Europe in 1961. Neither recognized the other. Not long after, he ran into Liza Todd, Taylor's daughter by Mike Todd whom Fisher also adopted, at Sardi's restaurant in New York. "I was so happy [to see her]. I grabbed her hands and said, 'Don't you know me? I'm Eddie Fisher.'" He paused. "You know, she looked right through me."

He also ran into Taylor one night at Sardi's. He sent a bottle of champagne over to her; she raised a glass to him. Later they exchanged pleasantries. (Taylor now says the only reason she and Fisher got married was because Fisher "adored Mike, and we resurrected him. That's all we had in common, and that's sick." A friend of Taylor's says, "She's indifferent to him. I think she feels sorry for him.")

When Fisher does mention Taylor, his eyes take on a thoughtful look. "I saw Debbie [Reynolds] about the kids one time, years ago," he remembers. "And she said, 'Why did you have to marry her? I would have waited for you.'" Fisher shakes his head. "She still didn't understand," he says at last. "I was in love with Elizabeth."

Katie Kelly, a former editor at Time magazine and the author of three books, including *Garbage: A History and Future of Garbage in America*, is the television critic for WNBC-TV in New York.

President Eisenhower, the five-star chieftain of the mighty armies that had liberated Europe, found himself in the role of a supplicant.

Scandal

in The White House

By James Deakin

It was a memorable moment but not a glorious occasion. The President of the United States—a five-star general in World War II, chieftain of the mighty armies that had liberated Western Europe, and one of the most popular leaders in American history—was appearing in the unfamiliar and unwelcome role of humble supplicant. As Henry IV had knelt in the snow at Canossa, begging forgiveness of a grim pope, so on June 18, 1958, Dwight David Eisenhower was pleading with the nation to let him keep a trusted associate who had fallen from grace. The President was imploring his fellow citizens, the news media and, most of all, his own political party to spare his indispensable Chief of Staff, Sherman Adams. There was a scandal in Washington, the City of Scandals, and—astoundingly, unbelievably—it involved Sherman Adams.

"I believe that the presentation made by [former New Hampshire] Governor Adams to the Congressional committee... truthfully represents the pertinent facts," Eisenhower said. Then he went on: "I personally like Governor Adams. I admire his abilities. I respect him because of his personal and official integrity. *I need him.*"

With those three fateful words, Eisenhower had handed his political critics a new argument to support their claim that he was a weak and detached chief executive who relied on others to govern—a faineant, do-nothing President, inactive save upon the golf course. This was not entirely true—nothing is entirely true—but there was no doubt that Eisenhower depended on his White House staff as much as any President in history. It was the system he had learned in the Army, and the Presidency only rarely changes a man.

But so what? In America, no Presidents are more fortunate, none more invincible, than those of whom the voters say, so what? The com-

plaints about Ike's management style, as it would be called today, were greeted with a massive national shrug. His critics, known as liberal Democrats, were an ineffectual minority in the face of Eisenhower's immense popularity. Still, they would make as much as they could of the "I need him" statement, on the theory that every little bit helps.

The moral question, however, might be important to the Republican Party. It had won a thumping victory in the 1952 election on the basis of Eisenhower's war record, his attractiveness and his reassuring bedside manner, coupled with Democratic fatigue. The Democrats had held the White House for 20 years; they were tired, and the voters were tired of them. But a series of scandals in the Truman Administration had been a significant factor also; Republican candidates had said many harsh things about the mink coats, freezers, oil royalties and influence peddling that had enlivened the Truman years.

Eisenhower himself had led the attack, promising that his Administration would be "as clean as a hound's tooth." If anyone in his official family behaved illegally or unethically, said Ike, he would be "thrown out instantly." Sherman Adams, campaigning for Ike, was equally moralistic. Eisenhower, he said, would clean out the "Augean stables" left behind by Truman. "Here is the man to do it," Adams said. "The kind of people with whom he has surrounded himself is answer enough for that." High instincts, noted Wordsworth, "before which our mortal nature/Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

On the honesty front, however, things started well. Adams did indeed seem to be the answer to the chronic problem of susceptibility in government. He was a paragon of integrity, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—so honest that



Before the fall: Ike and his natty Chief of Staff, Sherman Adams, prepare to tee off in New Hampshire (1955).

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Washington could scarcely believe its eyes. He insisted on paying for his personal phone calls from the White House and for the stamps on his personal letters, and on larger questions of official conduct he was just as scrupulous. When it was revealed that Eisenhower's Secretary of the Air Force, Harold E. Talbott, had been soliciting business for his private company from his Pentagon office, Adams quick marched Talbott out of government. The aggrieved businessman complained later that Adams refused to let him see Ike, brushed aside his explanations and in general treated him very brusquely.

Eisenhower's White House was Adams's White House. The power he wielded was immense. Every policy recommendation, every government study, every report and memo, literally every piece of paper intended for the President was seen first by Adams, who decided what would go on to Ike. He was the guardian of the door, determining who would get in to talk to Eisenhower and who would not. The White House staff reported to Adams, not to the President. He largely decided who would be appointed to the top echelons of government, and he had vast authority over domestic policy. Ike was more interested in foreign policy, and his bellicose Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, required supervision.

Washington manufactures legends as fast as crises, and the Adams legend flowered quickly and luxuriantly. He was the stern New Englander in the White House, "the Great Stone Face," "the Abominable No-man" and "the Assistant President." He was the first of the autocratic White House chiefs of staff—the model for H.R. (Bob) Haldeman in the Nixon years and Donald Regan of more recent memory.

So when Adams fell, it scared the bejesus out of the Republican Party. There had been all that resounding talk about honesty in government, and Adams was the symbol of the New Morality. Then, suddenly, morality became hypocrisy, which is often the course of the disease. The 1958 Congressional elections were not far off. How would the voters react?

The downfall began with an investigation by an obscure Congressional panel with an odd name: the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. It had been assigned to look into the undramatic question of whether the Federal regulatory agencies were performing as Congress had intended them to. No one—least of all Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, who had initiated the inquiry—expected any fireworks. It was to be a dignified, academic study: What was the intent of the regulatory laws and how were the agencies administering them?

But staff is destiny. To direct the investigation, a smart, aggressive law professor, Bernard Schwartz, was brought in from New York. No

one in Washington was aware of it, but Schwartz had a huge capacity for indignation. Then, to do the legwork, a veteran Congressional investigator named Baron Ignatius Shacklette was hired. Shacklette didn't know anything of academic studies, but he knew where a lot of bodies were buried, and he knew how to find more.

Shacklette quickly uncovered instance after instance in which members of Federal agencies had accepted "honorariums," loans and other expensive favors from the industries they were supposed to regulate. The investigator spread before the innocent from New York a long, unsavory story of collusion in the awarding of profitable television licenses and in other federally regulated industries. Schwartz was appalled and outraged. The academic study was put aside. It was replaced by better box office: an investigation of corruption.

Two young reporters, David Wise of *The New York Herald Tribune* and myself, were covering the subcommittee's hearings and at the same time working together informally to investigate the scandal ourselves, having given up sleep in the process. One morning, we read a column by Drew Pearson suggesting that Sherman Adams—the mighty Sherman Adams—might be implicated in the regulatory mess. We decided to drop everything and concentrate on Adams.

We found a former official of the Federal Trade Commission, David C. Murchison, who told us that Adams "or his office" had arranged a meeting between Edward F. Howrey, then chairman of the F.T.C., and a Boston businessman named Bernard Goldfine. The F.T.C. had a case pending against some of Goldfine's textile mills; it had accused them of mislabeling fabrics. Goldfine was a close friend of Sherman Adams.

Then we located an official named Harvey H. Hannah, chief of the F.T.C.'s wool division, who had been present at the meeting between Howrey and Goldfine. During the meeting, Hannah said, Goldfine made a telephone call to the White House, "asked to be connected with Adams, and talked for quite a while." He was on easy, familiar terms with the chief of staff: "Sherm, I'm over at the F.T.C. I was well received here."

Later it was learned that Adams had called Howrey at least one other time, to ask about the F.T.C.'s charges. And then it was revealed that Adams had instructed White House counsel Gerald Morgan to call another regulatory agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission, to ask why another of Goldfine's companies was under S.E.C. investigation.

Adams and Goldfine clearly were friends. But how could that be? They were the original odd couple. Adams was lean, austere and square-jawed, an old-line New England Yankee. Goldfine was flashy, fleshy and Mittel-Europa, an immigrant whose father had been a junk dealer. They were so unlike that when their friendship

came to light, people found it hard to believe. Goldfine had made a fortune in textiles and real estate, and he lived well and collected politicians. Had he done anything for Adams? The House subcommittee came up with a familiar answer.

On 21 occasions between 1955 and 1958, the subcommittee said, Adams and members of his family had stayed at the Sheraton-Plaza Hotel in Boston, where their bills totaled more than \$3,000. Goldfine paid all of them, and he had picked up the tab for numerous weekend trips as well, entertaining Adams and his wife at resorts.

Then, for a weary Sherman Adams, Pelion was heaped upon Ossa: It was revealed that Goldfine had given him a \$2,400 Oriental rug and a vicuña coat whose value (oh vanished time!) was estimated at \$500 to \$700. The vicuña coat captured the public's attention, perhaps because, like Richard Nixon's later failure to pay income taxes, it was easy to understand. Ever afterward, the affair was known as the Sherman Adams-vicuña coat scandal.

Adams denied that he had done anything wrong; he told the subcommittee that the "insinuations" that he had used his official position to help Goldfine were "unwarranted and unfair." Goldfine, when his turn came, was an aggressive witness; at one point he even anticipated the Fawn Hall ("Sometimes you have to go above the written law") Defense: When Representative John E. Moss, a California Democrat, told him, "You're subject to the same law as the rest of us" Goldfine replied, "It remains to be seen."

The subcommittee came out for law. Its report charged that Adams's intervention had enabled Goldfine to escape criminal prosecution for violating the Securities Exchange Act and the Wool Products Labeling Act. It was too late to do anything about that, but Goldfine was subsequently convicted of contempt of Congress, fined \$1,000 and placed on probation.

Meanwhile, Eisenhower was hanging on to Adams for dear life. Maine, however, voted early. It threw out Republican Senator Frederick Payne (who also had received a vicuña coat from Goldfine, as well as a \$3,500 interest-free, unpaid loan), replacing him with Democrat Edmund Muskie. The Maine voters elected a Democratic governor and two Democratic Congressmen as well. Other Republicans facing close elections saw the letters of fire: *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*. Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting (Daniel 5:26). That must not happen to them. Adams had to go, and he did, back to New Hampshire, where he operated a ski resort until his death in 1986.

James Deakin was White House correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch from 1955 to 1980. His most recent book is Straight Stuff: The Reporters, the White House and the Truth.

School for Scandals



1924: Two oilmen, **Harry F. Sinclair** and **Edward L. Doheny** paid \$360,000 to the Secretary of the Interior, **Albert B. Fall** (above left, with Doheny), for drilling rights to the Teapot Dome, Wyo. and Elk Hills, Calif. oil reserves. Fall, who accepted the bribe in a little black bag, served a year in jail.



1969: Supreme Court Associate Justice **Abe Fortas** resigned following charges that he had accepted an annual fee of \$20,000 from the family foundation of industrialist and financier Louis E. Wolfson. Fortas returned to his Washington, D.C. law firm, where he practiced until his death in 1982.



1977: Jimmy Carter's friend **Bert Lance** resigned as Director of the Office of Management and Budget following accusations that he had buried personal debts of \$710,000 in a partnership for making charitable contributions, set up by Lance and his wife LaBelle. Lance was acquitted in 1980 after a 16-week trial.



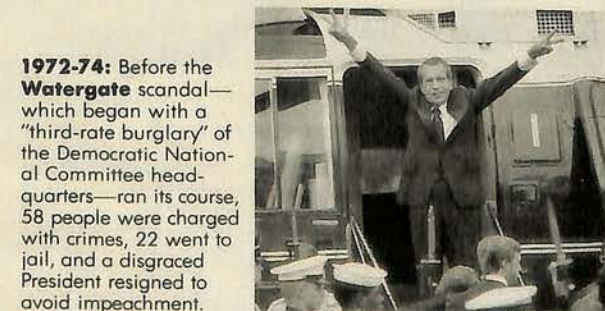
1954: Critics of **Edgar H. Dixon** (left) and **Eugene Yates** (right) charged that the Dixon-Yates electric power contract was an effort to constrict and perhaps destroy the Tennessee Valley Authority by giving private power companies an entry into the T.V.A. area.



1964: The central question in the case of **Robert G. (Bobby) Baker**, a protégé of Lyndon Baines Johnson, was how a Congressional secretary to the Senate majority, on a salary of \$19,612 a year, had managed to acquire assets of more than \$1½ million. Baker was found guilty of tax evasion, theft and conspiracy to defraud the government; he served 17 months in a Federal prison.



1973: Richard Nixon's Vice President, **Spiro T. Agnew**, resigned after pleading nolo contendere to a charge that he had failed to report \$29,500 of income received in 1967. He was fined \$10,000 and placed on three years probation.



1972-74: Before the **Watergate** scandal—which began with a "third-rate burglary" of the Democratic National Committee headquarters—ran its course, 58 people were charged with crimes, 22 went to jail, and a disgraced President resigned to avoid impeachment.

Ancient scandals, smelling faintly of mothballs and lavender. Is there anything they can say to us? Any messages? Or have they long since been sent down to the minor leagues by Watergate and Iran-contra? By comparison, Sherman Adams's vicuña coat seems positively quaint. Nevertheless, some general observations about scandal can be stated:

(1) As long as American society is obsessively materialistic, there will be scandals. The Teapot Dome affair occurred in the 1920's, an era of manic pursuit of wealth, whereas Franklin Roosevelt's New Dealers were too busy to steal; they were caught up in the great enterprise of saving a nation. When government officials, and the American people in general, have something to *do*—something urgent and important, a task requiring an intense common effort—corruption and scandal are less likely. (The problem with this Spartan analysis is that prosperity is good. It is like democracy: full of pitfalls and difficulties, but better than the alternative. The answer is to combine affluence with self-control. You first.)

(2) As long as the United States is powerful and imperialistic, there will be scandals. Watergate and Iran-contra were consequences of the arrogance of power. (The dilemma here is the same. Who would have the United States lose its power? The Japanese, of course, may resolve the problem for us.)

(3) As long as there is government secrecy, there will be scandals. Secrecy, it is said, is the essential handmaiden of national security, and the security of the nation is the first law of government. But national security is an *ignis fatuus*, a will-o'-the-wisp defined by each President and changed by him to suit the circumstances of the moment. Former enemies become present allies, cold wars grow warm, then cold again. Weapons are sold to adversaries, then warships are sent to warn the same foes. What then is national security? True secrets must be kept, but government secrecy most often conceals mistakes and woodenheadedness—and corruption.

(4) If the capacity for outrage is lost, scandal flourishes. This writer vividly remembers the Saturday Night Massacre, when Richard Nixon fired Attorney General Eliot Richardson and Deputy Attorney General William French Smith because they would not rid him of that troublesome priest, Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Hour after hour, all night long, thousands of automobiles clogged Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House, their horns blaring indignation and defiance. The American people were outraged. It is a good quality, outrage. It is essential to the survival of democracy.

—J.D.

In its American rendering, it was an awkward dress for an awkward time. It was also Sears Roebuck's best seller for 1958.

Several theories link women's clothes to the state of the world. One pins the rise and fall of the stock market to the length of skirts; another says you can tell a lot about the spirit of a particular period by the shape of its fashions.

If so, what is the meaning of an absurd, egg-shaped dress that appeared suddenly on American women in the spring of 1958, only to be gone one year later?

You couldn't mistake it. The dress fell straight down from sloping shoulders to a fairly narrow hem at the knee, and it hardly touched any body parts in between. "A woman might as well wear a flour sack for all the shape you can see," harrumphed the man



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

Christian Dior's "New Look."

in the street, who hated the dress on sight. It crossed the Atlantic from Europe as "the chemise" (French for shirt), but the first man who saw it called it "the sack"—also "the sad sack," "the bag," "the balloon," "the pear," "the pickle," and, most evocatively, "the egg on legs."

But women welcomed the sack, and millions bought one. It was comfortable, showed off a good pair of legs and looked quite elegant on the slim, balletic bodies (like Audrey Hepburn's) that suddenly seemed right to the eye.

After World War II, in 1947, Christian Dior had revived big-time dressmaking by introducing, nay imposing, "The New Look." The style—cur-

vaceous, tight-fitting bodices, nipped-in waists, padded hips and large, long and full skirts—prefaced a conservative era. Dior's clothes were feminine in a formal sort of way, but rigidly tailored and corseted. The "womanly" woman reigned, even if she couldn't sit on her throne in comfort because of the yards of whalebone and wire and the wads of burlap that made for a fashionable silhouette.

After bullying their bodies into variations on this shape for years, women were ready for a revolution when Spanish couturier Cristobal Balenciaga showed the first chemise in Paris in the fall of 1957. June Weir, executive editor for fashion at *Harper's Bazaar*, remembers: "The sack was loose-lined. It covered a multitude of sins just at a time when women were becoming increasingly body conscious."

Women everywhere threw off their armor-plated corsets, put on this easy-fitting shift and refused ever to be laced in again. The sack proper was only a brief fad, but it marked a turning point and women never dressed the same again.



Men hated the sack dress, but if cut well it could show off a slender body to advantage.

Sacked!

By Gay Bryant

U.S.A., was ultimately defeated by the chemise. Manufacturers who based their entire line on a careless imitation suffered losses; some even went out of business.

Still, the chemise broke Paris's hold on the U.S. retailer and in its wake other influences began to inspire new fashions. Designers took their ideas from young people, from fads, from the streets and from the movies. Marlon Brando, James Dean and Marilyn Monroe changed the way people saw.

By the end of the 50's, the U.S. ready-to-wear industry had expanded to the point where everyone could dress the same. As Nikita Khrushchev noted with amazement, on meeting Nelson Rockefeller: "The biggest capitalist in the world wasn't dressed in cheap clothes, but I wouldn't say he was dressed elegantly, either. He was dressed like other Americans."

In fact, a social upheaval was working its way up through society. High fashion, too, would go to extreme lengths. It was several times pronounced dead, but it turned out to be more durable than we thought, and today its fads still seem to give a fillip to many a woman's life.

Gay Bryant is Executive Editor of Memories, former editor of Family Circle and Working Woman. Her latest book is The Working Woman Report.

For all it signified, the sack itself lasted only a season. Though it seemed quite shapeless, it was deceptively difficult to cut and make well, and therefore it was also difficult to make flattering to the varied physiques of European and American women. What looked elegant on Audrey Hepburn looked terrible on Marilyn Monroe.

"Many manufacturers thought all they had to do was run up two seams, put a bow on the behind, and they had it," recalled designer Norman Norell. "Actually, the chemise is a very difficult dress to make properly. It is not a tube, which is what you saw on the streets. It is supposed to be soft and clinging. Instead they made it out of stiff cottons. Women didn't realize how they were supposed to look. They wore them too long. Also, they used an uplift bra, so that instead of falling against the body, the dress was pushed away. . . . You saw sights on the street that made everybody sick!"

The U.S. ready-to-wear industry, adept at knocking off Paris designs to sell on Main Street,



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Marilyn's was not the best body for the chemise.



30 YEARS AGO: ELVIS PRESLEY JOINS THE ARMY

At the time of his induction in 1958, the King of Rock was at his peak, with one mega-hit after another.





Der Elvis

By Gary Paul Gates

For years afterward, it would be one of my favorite gambits at cocktail parties and other venues of idle gossip. Whenever the conversation drifted into the area of misspent youth or military service or popular music or Southern Gothic or adventures in Europe, I would find an opportunity to drop the fact that while serving in the Army in the late 1950's, I was stationed with Elvis Presley. It was a boast that delivered real cachet, and, as Henry Kissinger used to say, it had the additional virtue of being the truth.

Presley and I were inducted into the Army in March 1958, and we went through the rigors of basic and advanced training at the same bleak Army post—Fort Hood, Tex. But I did not come into direct contact with him until we were shipped to Germany as part of "The Mailed Fist of N.A.T.O.," a term that perfectly captured the bellicose spirit of that Cold War era. A tiny part of one of The Mailed Fist's knuckles was Combat Command C of the Third Armored Division, the unit to which Presley and I were assigned. Located just outside the Hessian town of Friedburg, about an hour northeast of Frankfurt, the austere barracks had housed Hitler's S.S. troops in the 1930's.

Like many other college-educated draftees, I landed a cushy assignment, one that bore at least some resemblance to the journalism career I had been pursuing in civilian life. As the only full-time correspondent in Combat Command C, my job was to write news and feature stories about the unit for the division newspaper, *Spearhead*. But one of my less formal duties, I was told, was to be "alert to the Presley situation." That meant if any civilian reporters called to inquire about Private Presley's status, I was to inform them that he was being given no special treatment and was carrying out his duties, wearing fatigues, as a jeep driver in a reconnaissance platoon. "Our job," said my boss, an uptight major whose face was usually set in an uneasy frown, "is to keep all reporters away from here and keep that boy's name out of the papers."

I knew that just the fact that Private Presley was *not* being given special treatment made him a very special case indeed. Singers and movie stars were routinely assigned to the effete

domain of Special Services, where they spent most of their time in dress uniforms, and their main job was to entertain other troops. Even though it was then very much a peacetime Army (between Korea and Vietnam), Presley was assigned to a gung-ho, combat-ready armored division, ready to move into battle on a moment's notice. The reason for this drastic departure from the norm? The common belief was that the Army of the U.S. Government, in cahoots with the stern guardians of middle-class morality, had decided to make an example of Elvis, to put him in his place.

To appreciate the righteous concern implied by that decision, it's necessary to recall the extraordinary impact Elvis Presley had on the torpid American culture of the 1950's. Presley was an original. Although he hadn't exactly created rock 'n' roll, he'd raised the primitive art form to new heights. He was among the first white singers to incorporate black rhythm and blues, and he merged that hard-driving beat with gospel and Southern white country music. The combination of black soul in a redneck's body made him unique, and when he unleashed those forces on the tranquil America of the mid-50's, it was like a volcano erupting in a cornfield. Particularly in his live performances, the effect on audiences—especially teen-age girls—was electrifying.

Parents and other adults were less appreciative. In the view of many of them, Presley was a sexual menace who was arousing havoc in the tender libidos of teeny-boppers. When Elvis was drafted they no doubt hoped that two years of active duty as a G.I. would transform the lecher into a mature young man who had some respect for the flower of American womanhood.

It wasn't until I read *Elvis*, Albert Goldman's first-rate biography of Presley, that I came across another explanation of his military fate: The Army and other defenders of public morality were mere accomplices to the way he was handled. The real instigator, Goldman claims, was Presley's personal manager and trusted confidant, Col. Thomas Andrew Parker.

The honorary colonel was an authentic and flamboyant showman—a cut-rate P.T. Barnum—who had developed his skills on the

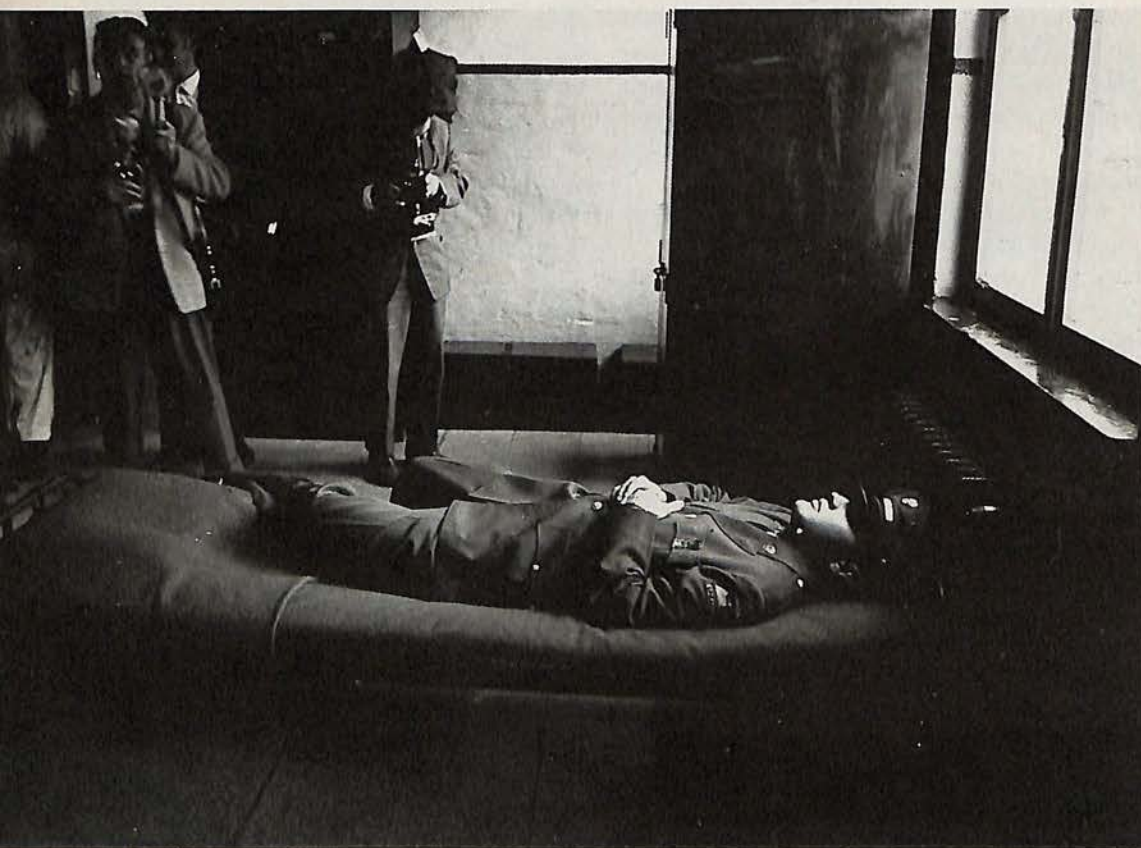
Detractors counted on the Army to transform Elvis from sexual menace into model citizen.

carnival circuit that once flourished along the back roads of rural America. He liked to boast of the time back when he painted sparrows yellow and sold them as canaries. But the biggest prize ever captured by Colonel Parker was certainly Elvis Presley. Parker hooked up with Elvis in 1955, and once he had cajoled the naive young singer to entrust his career and business affairs to him, the colonel had a lifetime meal ticket.

Not only was Presley the biggest recording star in America at the time he joined the Army, but also the box-office smash, *Love Me Tender*, had recently launched his movie career. But the colonel, disturbed by all the negative reaction to Presley's pelvic gyrations and other erotic excesses, felt that long range the singer needed a more wholesome image, and the best way to achieve

of the troops, he was allowed to exploit loopholes that gave him special perks. The most flagrant example concerned his quarters. The regulations required most of us to be housed in the Spartan barracks that we had inherited from Hitler's S.S. In order to live off post, one had to have a "dependent"—i.e., a wife. Elvis was not married, but he did have a dependent of sorts: his father, Vernon, recently widowed by the heart attack death of Elvis's mother, Gladys.

A mother's death would have been a wrenching loss for any young G.I. about to be sent overseas. But it was especially traumatic for Elvis, an only child and mama's boy. (According to legend, Gladys Presley walked Elvis to school every day until he was 15.) In Germany, bereft and 5,000 miles from home, Presley was permit-



EDO KOENIG/BLACK STAR

In Germany, Elvis had to cope with the press and boredom as well as idolatrous fans.

that was for Elvis to renounce the goldbricking frills of Special Services and serve his two-year hitch as a real soldier in the real Army. When he returned to civilian life, the colonel calculated, it would be as a model citizen, a patriotic young American who had put duty to his country above his lucrative career and personal gain. In critic Brad Darrach's words, "The colonel's plan was to convert a fertility demon into a plaster saint." Fearing protests from back-fence patriots that The Pelvis was being coddled while other red-blooded American boys were being forced to soldier like men, the Army welcomed the plan.

It was against this background that Elvis and I arrived in Friedberg, West Germany in the fall of 1958. It did not take me long to discover that while Elvis was being press-released as just one

ted to summon from Memphis to console him not only his father but also his grandmother, Minnie Mae, and two longtime cronies, Lamar Fike and Red West. To the Germans, Elvis's clan came to resemble *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

They set up housekeeping in the nearby town of Bad Nauheim, a picturesque spa resort that catered to the aged and infirm who, like stricken pilgrims to Lourdes, went there to partake of the healing waters. After a short occupation of an entire floor of the town's most fashionable hotel, the Presley contingent was asked to leave. Some of the staid and ailing guests had complained about such boisterous gambols as late-night water fights and what was described as "playful acts of arson." Ever alert to "the Presley situation," we were able to hush up that eviction, and

LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION







Elvis's father, Vernon, two cronies, and his grandmother joined him in Germany.

things settled down after the clan moved into a large white stucco house on Goethestrasse.

Although Elvis rarely mingled with the burghers of Bad Nauheim, they referred to him as *Der Elvis*, and the flashy BMW sports car the jeep driver sped around in during off-duty hours was dubbed *Der Elviswagen*. A hand-printed sign in front of the Presley house read, "AUTOGRAMME VON 19:30-20:00—NUR BITTE" ("Autographs from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M. only, please"), and each evening there would appear there a cluster of young European fans, some of whom had traveled hundreds of miles. Occasionally, they would be lucky enough to see the King in person. But more often than not, Lamar Fike or Red West would emerge from the house at the appointed hour and announce that while Elvis was indisposed, he was nevertheless eager to sign their souvenirs. Then they would take the mementos inside, forge Elvis's signature on them, and return the fraudulent keepsakes to his unsuspecting fans.

There also were times when Lamar or Red would single out four or five winsome maidens and invite them into the house for the evening—and often the night. It was understood that those so honored were to be entertained by Presley and his friends, a group that included some Army buddies who had been granted access to the inner circle. (Less fortunate G.I.'s who witnessed these arrangements from the street had to be content with ribald speculations as to which damsel the King would choose to be his Queen for the night, and how others would be parceled out among his attendant lords.)

Another favorite gathering spot for those who made the pilgrimage was outside the main gate of the Army post. There the young fans would wait patiently for hours in the hope of catching a glimpse of their hero as he went about his daily

tasks. They rarely had the privilege of seeing him—in or out of his jeep—but some of our comrades-in-arms became quite adept at promising an introduction to Elvis in exchange for dates or even intimate favors.

Although we were subjected to a steady barrage of Cold War propaganda, most of us gave little thought to any menace posed by our Soviet counterparts, who were massed just across the border in East Germany. Our real enemy was the excruciating tedium of day-to-day life in a peacetime Army. I was told that Elvis, like the rest of us, was absolutely miserable most of the time and full of self-pity.

One afternoon my major walked into my office and announced in a sepulchral tone, "We have a serious Presley problem." One of the local *mädchens*—a girl who gave her age as only 16—claimed to be pregnant, and her family was threatening to make a big stink about it. That did not exactly strike me as an improbable development. The big surprise came when the major added: "And that's not the worst of it. It isn't Elvis she's talking about. It's the old man—Vernon!"

"You mean the grieving widower?" I replied, and even the major allowed himself a cackle before regaining his solemnity and admonishing me to be aware that this was no laughing matter.

Luckily, the press never got wind of that juicy story. One of Elvis's buddies later told me that the girl's assertion was challenged, but I never did find out how the matter was resolved. Certainly, it would not have been out of character for Vernon Presley to have gotten a teen-age girl pregnant. In fact, Vernon found a wife in Germany and so, eventually, did Elvis.

According to legend, when Elvis first set eyes on Priscilla Beaulieu, the 14-year-old daughter of an Air Force captain, he dubbed her "teen angel." Apparently she brought out the teen-ager in Presley himself. Although they "went steady" during his last months in Germany, their relationship remained chaste. In subsequent years, as Priscilla moved through adolescence, their puppy-love blossomed into something more ardent and the "teen angel" became Mrs. Elvis Presley in May 1967. Although the marriage broke up after five years, Priscilla (now an actress) gave birth to Elvis's only legitimate heir and sole inheritor, Lisa Marie, in 1968.



Future wife Priscilla Beaulieu, 16, wrote to Elvis after his departure from Germany.

(Today more than a handful of young men and women claim to be Elvis's children out of wedlock, though their claims have been met with understandable skepticism.)

My own contacts with *Der Elvis* were minimal. He knew that I was part of the official shield that had been formed to insulate him from the outside press, and for this reason, perhaps, he seemed to regard me with a certain wariness. He was always courteous, at times to a fault, but he was generally aloof in his dealings not only with me but with the other troopers who had not been invited into his inner circle.

But one day, toward the end of our tour in Germany, I found myself talking to him about how great it was to be soon returning to the States and to civilian life. I asked him if he had any particular goal, something special he hoped to accomplish in the next phase of his career. Presley pondered that a moment, then replied that he wanted to become "the Sinatra of my generation." I told him that he already was every bit as big as Sinatra had been with the bobby-soxers of the 1940's—maybe bigger. "I don't mean just the singing," he said in his soft Memphis drawl. What impressed him so much about Sinatra, he explained, was that after establishing himself at the top of the charts in music, he developed his skills as an actor in serious, non-singing roles and made a success of that, too. And that, Elvis confided, was now the goal he set for himself. In the ensuing discussion of movies, past and present, I saw a side of Presley I never knew existed: thoughtful, inquiring and surprisingly articulate.

The years ahead would see a travesty of that lofty ambition. Elvis did go to Hollywood in a big way, but no one ever mistook him for a serious actor. Under the guidance of Colonel Parker, and movie mogul Hal Wallis (who wanted a Presley persona that would appeal to family audiences), he made one insipid clinker after another, cast invariably as a kind of clean-cut, hillbilly version of Pat Boone. Worse, he turned out those potboilers at the depressing rate of three a year, which left no time for what should have been his stock in trade: live performances before the frenetic fans who rocked to his erotic rhythms. Most of Elvis's post-Army recordings of inoffensive ballads also conformed to the new, wholesome, white-bread image. As biographer Albert Goldman puts it, the direction that Colonel Parker took Presley's career after he came home "completed the job of metamorphosing Elvis the Pelvis into Elvis the Putz."

Of course, many of those ballads ("It's Now or Never" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight?") were very big hits. And the banal, travel-brochure movies he kept grinding out did well enough in drive-ins and small-town theaters to make him, by the mid-60's, the highest paid actor in Hollywood. But what a waste of the unique, extraordinary talent that had burst on the scene a decade earlier!



Lisa Marie, 20, Elvis's only legitimate heir, posed with her mother to squelch rumors she had joined a cult. She will inherit her father's estate in 1993.

And the new Presley image was woefully out of sync with the temper of the times. By the mid-1960's, a cultural revolution was sweeping across the land, and rock music was at the heart of it. Logically the original Pied Piper of rock 'n' roll should have been at the head of that exuberant parade. Instead, to this new rock generation, Presley was a voice from the past, a one-time pioneer of the movement who had abandoned the faith to make dumb movies.

In 1969, Presley emerged from his Hollywood hibernation and returned to live performing for the first time in 12 years. And although his Las Vegas revival was a solid success, the years of

addiction to junk food and drugs had already put him squarely on a course that would lead to his fatal heart attack in 1977 at the age of 42.

More than anyone else, it was the Beatles who inherited the crown the King had so carelessly cast off. So I suppose it's fitting that a member of that group should have the keenest insight on what went wrong in the career of Elvis Presley. When he was told that Presley was dead, John Lennon demurred. "Elvis died the day he went in the Army," he said.

*Gary Paul Gates is the co-author of *The Palace Guard* (with Dan Rather) and *Close Encounters* (with Mike Wallace). He currently works for CBS Sports.*

The first reporter on the crime scene recreates the fateful night Lana Turner's daughter killed her mother's lover.

The Long Good Friday

By James Bacon



In happier times: Lana Turner, Johnny Stompanato and Cheryl Crane. An ex-gangster, Stompanato found Beverly Hills gigolo more lucrative. "I'm stupid about men," Turner admitted.

It was close to midnight on Good Friday, April 4th, 1958 when the phone rang in my San Fernando Valley home. It was an A.P. photographer I worked with, calling from his car. He told me he had just heard the code for a Beverly Hills homicide over his police radio.

"What's the address?" I asked. "Seven three zero North Bedford Drive," he answered.

"Holy God!" I practically shouted. "That's where Lana Turner is shackled up with Johnny Stompanato. We'd better get there quick. He's probably beaten her to death."

I had heard from one of Lana's friends that Stompanato had worked her over bad in London a few months before while she was there making *Another Time, Another Place* with Sean Connery. The beating was so severe that the studio people had to call the London bobbies in. They warned

Stompanato that if he beat her again it was jail for him. Then they kicked him out of the country.

When I first knew him, Stompanato was one of gangster Mickey Cohen's strong-arm guys. He had come out of the Marines after World War II well versed in hand-to-hand combat. He was one tough cookie but, with his Italian good looks, sexily handsome.

He had left the Cohen mob to join a more lucrative profession: Beverly Hills stud. He was one of several who serviced wives of movie moguls and producers as well as some of the stars themselves.

Lana, by her own admission, often got herself hooked up with adult delinquents like Stompanato.

"I'm stupid about picking men," she once confessed to me. She'd been married to bandleader Artie Shaw at 19, then to Steven Crane, a restaurateur, then to tin-plate heir Bob Topping. Now, at 37, she had recently separated from husband number four, former Tarzan movie star Lex Barker.

As I raced over to Beverly Hills, my mind was on Lana only. In my eyes, no woman in the history of the movies—including Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor—ever exuded as much sex appeal as ex-sweater girl Lana Turner did. She was the Queen of MGM and one of the biggest female stars in the country. And now, I thought, driving over Sepulveda Pass, she's about to be a corpse in the city morgue.

I got to the colonial-style mansion right behind my A.P. sidekick. It was obvious we were the first press guys on the scene. A cop at the door stopped my photographer, who wore at least two cameras around his neck, but I pulled an old trick.

"Coroner's office," I said, and the cop stepped aside.

As soon as I got inside, I followed the sound of voices upstairs to Lana's bedroom. The first thing I saw was Stompanato lying on the floor with a big hole in him.

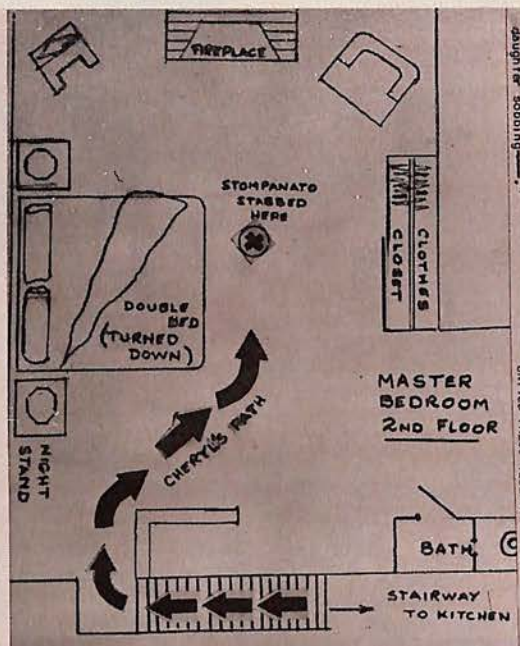
Left: How could an ex-combat Marine let a frightened, 14-year-old girl stab him to death with a 10-inch butcher knife? That was the question. Right: In the author's eyes, no woman in the history of the movies ever exuded as much sex appeal as ex-sweater girl Lana Turner, here in a studio still from 1942.







UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Cheryl told police she went to the kitchen and came back with the biggest knife she could find. The stabbing took place in Lana's all-pink bedroom, where the actress said her lover had threatened to cut her face with a razor. She believed him. He had hurt her before.

I admit I felt relief to see it was him and not Lana lying there. I had always liked Lana; still do. You expected hoods like Stompanato to die from a knife or a bullet. I had worked too long in Chicago to get emotional about it.

Lana was crying hysterically. So was Cheryl, her 14-year-old daughter by Steven Crane. The room was filled with detectives and blue-coated cops. One of them was holding a butcher knife big enough to slice a side of beef. He was holding it with a handkerchief to preserve fingerprints. It looked like a scene out of a cops-and-robbers TV show.

My old friend Jerry Giesler, the celebrated criminal lawyer, was trying to calm Lana down. In Hollywood, stars in trouble called Giesler before they called the cops, but he told me he was meeting Lana for the first time.

"Cherie killed Johnny," Lana told Beverly Hills Police Chief Clinton Anderson, between sobs. "He threatened to kill me, and poor Cherie got frightened. My poor baby," she

wailed. "My poor baby." She looked up at Anderson. "Please say I did it. Please, please say I did it."

Lana kept repeating that last phrase over and over again, to the point of hysteria. Giesler stepped in once more to try and calm her down.

"Your daughter has done a courageous thing," he told her. He looked down at the cold body of Stompanato. "It's too bad a man is dead, but the child did the only thing she could do to protect her mother. I understand your concern for Cherie's welfare, but you won't get anyplace by hiding the truth. Will she, Chief?"

Anderson nodded assent. At this, Lana composed herself and started telling her story in a more straightforward way.

"He said he would cut my face with a razor," she said. "He told me, 'If a man makes a living with his hands, I would destroy his hands. You make your living with your face, so I will destroy your face. And I'll get you where it hurts most: your mother and your daughter. And if I can't do it myself, I'll find someone who can!'"

At this, Cheryl started sobbing uncontrollably. Lana told Chief Anderson about the London incident. "He choked me," she said, "until I fell unconscious on the bed in our hotel."

The Chief asked her if she had seen her daughter stab Stompanato.

She shook her head. "I didn't see any knife," she said. "I truthfully thought she had just poked him in the stomach. He didn't say a word, just gasped. He grabbed his stomach, walked a little way, half-turned and fell, dropping on his back. He didn't talk, just kept gasping." Lana couldn't look at the body of her lover, lying there on the floor, though a cop, mercifully, had closed Johnny's eyelids.

Now it was Cheryl's turn to recount the events. She had been hiding behind a door, she said, terrified, listening to Stompanato threaten her mother. At one point she had gone into the bedroom to plead with her mother: "Why don't you just tell John to leave?"

"You don't understand," Cheryl said her mother had answered. "I'm deathly afraid of him."

Then, Cheryl said, she went downstairs to the kitchen. She came back with the biggest knife she could find. Again



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION

In the most dramatic role of her career, Lana Turner gave a detailed account of the events surrounding the stabbing, here, at a coroner's inquest in Los Angeles. "He came at me as though he intended to strike me," she testified. At right, attorney Jerry Giesler sits between Cheryl and her mother.

she cowered behind the door.

"When it seemed like he really was going to slash her," Cheryl said, "I just walked in between them and did it."

I have never for a minute believed the rumors that there was anything between Johnny and Cheryl. He was only interested in getting hold of Lana. But over the years, many have doubted Lana's and Cheryl's story, and with some logic. How could an ex-combat Marine let a frightened, 14-year-old girl stab him to death? However, as Cheryl told her version to Anderson, it made sense to me.

The police figured that the sight of Cheryl so surprised and enraged Stompanato that he turned from Lana and walked right into the knife, which Cheryl had held abdomen high. They thought he must have impaled himself on it without even seeing it. That would explain why he never said anything before he died.

The Chief said his men had been watching Stompanato for some time. Not only did his past association with Cohen make him someone to keep an eye on, but he carried a gun and had beaten up some wealthy women in Beverly Hills.

"But we were powerless to act," Anderson said, "because we could never get any of them to file a complaint against him. They were all married and they didn't want their husbands to know they were fooling around."

Lana told us she thought Stompanato's last rage stemmed from her refusal to let him take her to the Academy Awards ceremony a few weeks earlier. (Discovered 22 years before at a Sunset Boulevard soda fountain, Turner had just gotten her first Oscar nomination, for *Peyton Place*.) She said Stompanato had been miserable to live with ever since she had gone to the Oscars with Glenn Rose, her press agent. (You don't take guys like Stompanato to splashy public functions.)

By the time I got back downstairs, the front yard and driveway of Lana's rented house had filled with reporters, TV cameramen and news photographers. I headed for the phone in the front room and began dictating bulletins to the A.P. desk. I stopped when Cheryl's dad, Steve Crane, walked by with some cops. I asked where he was going. "They want Cheryl and Lana down at the police station," Steve yelled.

In a matter of minutes, my report was making headlines around the world and I was driving like Mario Andretti to get to the police station. By the time I got there, the press was swarming and nobody was getting close to the room where formal statements were being taken.

When Giesler came out of the Chief's office with Lana, I asked him if they were going to hold Cheryl.

"Yeah," he answered, "but just overnight, I hope. It's routine in a capital case. Nobody gets out when they kill somebody. It's a clear case of justifiable homicide."

The next day, Lana got the distressing news that Cheryl wouldn't be coming home after all. Worse, she couldn't even see her that day. Desperate, she tried to get Cheryl released into the custody of her grandmother (Lana's mother), but no dice. She was hustled off to Juvenile Hall, 15 miles away, until the coroner's inquest a week later. It was a week that would see Stompanato's old boss, Mickey Cohen, walk into the city room of the *Los Angeles Herald Express* with a batch of love letters Lana had written to Stompanato from England. For days before the inquest, the world was treated to Lana's

lovelorn prose, on the order of: "Hold me, dear lover . . . I am yours, I need you, My Man!"

The word was that Cohen had given the newspapers the letters, which he'd found in Stompanato's apartment, to get even with Lana for sticking him with Stompanato's funeral expenses.

The inquest courtroom was packed, with more than 100 reporters from as far away as London on hand to see Lana, almost breaking down on the stand, testify for more than an hour about the details of that night when a terrified daughter came to her mother's defense.

The coroner's jury took only 25 minutes to come up with a verdict of justifiable homicide, just as Giesler had predicted.

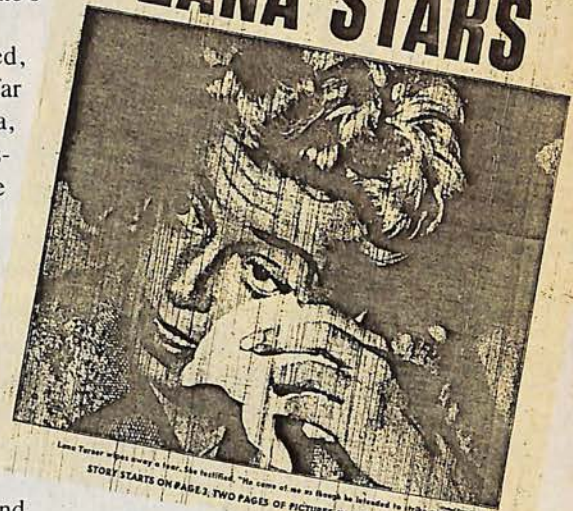
But Lana's ordeal would not be over for three more weeks and a second hearing, in Juvenile Hall, when the same verdict was rendered and Cheryl finally was released.

Years later, I spoke again with Cheryl's father, this time in the Luau, his Polynesian restaurant in Beverly Hills. As we spoke, Cheryl was serving as her father's hostess only a few yards away. She had turned into a beautiful young woman.

"We never talk about that night," said Crane, nodding towards her. "It was too tragic for all of us."

James Bacon covered Hollywood for nearly four decades for the Associated Press and the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. He is currently the host of James Bacon's Hollywood on KMPC Radio (Los Angeles).

FINAL
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
New York 11, N.Y., September 14, 1968
CLEAR CHERYL
LANA STARS



RALPH DOMINGUEZ/GLOBE

Happy again: Today, Cheryl Crane, 44, sells real estate in San Francisco. Lana, 67, still receives movie and TV offers.

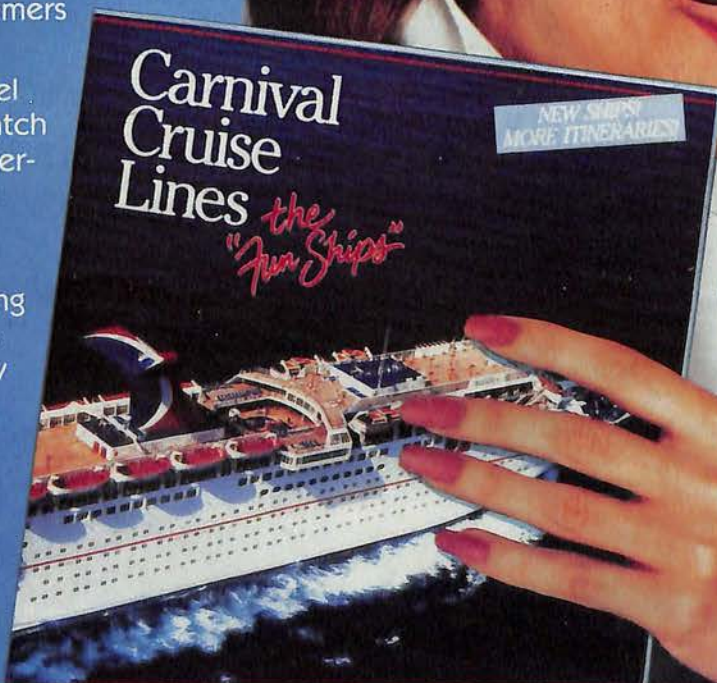
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Storm Clouds Forming

President Kennedy proposes Youth Conservation Program (VISTA), **introduces Medicare**, signs bill requiring equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex.... In divided Berlin, Kennedy tells two million people, "Ich bin ein Berliner"....

Pope John XXIII dies in Rome.... Supreme Court rules all criminal defendants, no matter how poor, have right to lawyer.... Martin Luther King is arrested in Birmingham, Ala.; JFK sends in Federal troops following riots.... **Massive civil rights demonstra-**

tions erupt across South.... Freshman class in U.S. Senate includes Teddy Kennedy, George McGovern, Birch Bayh and Daniel Inouye.... Soviet Union suspends test-ban talks with U.S. but agrees to "hotline" telephone.... **Nuclear submarine Thresher sinks** in North Atlantic with 129 men aboard.... Gordon Cooper orbits earth 22 times in last of Mercury space flights.... Alabama Gov. George Wallace, facing Federal troops at University of Alabama, steps aside to admit two black students.... **Medgar Evers is murdered in Jackson, Miss.**; demonstrations follow.... In Boston, a Strangler stalks.... Polaroid introduces color film.... **Saunas latest home trend**.... Hope Cooke marries Crown Prince of Kingdom of Sikkim.... Happy Murphy marries Nelson

Rockefeller, loses custody of her four children.... In London, 70,000 people march to "Ban the Bomb".... British Secretary of War **John Profumo resigns from the Cabinet** after admitting affair with call girl Christine Keeler.... Saigon Buddhist monk Quang Duc commits suicide by setting himself afire to protest South Vietnamese government....

Pope John XXIII dies



JFK in Berlin



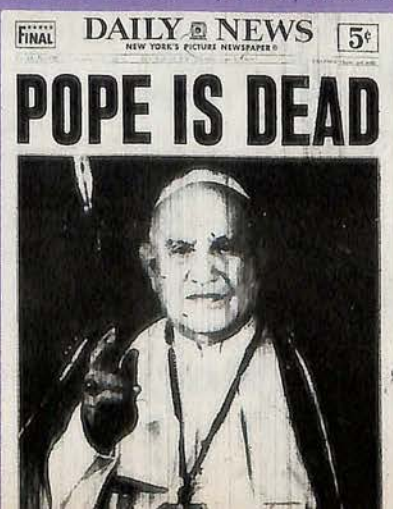
Saigon immolation

Soviet Union sends **first woman into space**.... Betty Friedan's *Feminine Mystique* and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* widely discussed, little read.... Mona Lisa, on first trip to America, displayed in Washington.... Jackie Kennedy named *Life* magazine's best-dressed woman.... *Oliver*, musical version of Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, opens on Broadway; **The Sound of Music closes, after 1,443 performances**.... Gregory Peck wins Oscar for *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Anne Bancroft for *The Miracle Worker*.... New releases: Hitchcock's *The Birds*, *Hud* starring Paul Newman, Fellini's *8½*, *Cleopatra*, and **first James Bond movie, Dr. No**, with Sean Connery....

Tops at box office: Doris Day, John Wayne and Rock Hudson.... *Hit songs:* "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys, "He's So Fine" by the Chiffons and "Go Away Little Girl" by Steve Lawrence.... Newcomer Leslie Gore tops singles charts with "It's My Party".... Country singer Patsy Kline dies in air crash.... **The Beverly Hillbillies number one on TV**, trailed by *Candid Camera*, *The Red Skelton Show* and *Bonanza*.... Emmy Awards to *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *The Defenders* and *The Andy Williams Show*.... **Boston Celtics win fifth consecutive N.B.A. title** against L.A. Lakers; Philadelphia 76ers' Wilt Chamberlain scores most points (3,586) of basketball season.



Baez and Dylan



Connery and Andress in Dr. No

It was in Birmingham that Martin Luther King emerged as a national leader. His chief lieutenant was by his side.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

April 4—Martin Luther King and colleagues launch Project "C" (for confrontation). The protest has four goals: (1) Desegregation of lunch counters, store fitting rooms, restrooms and drinking fountains; (2) increasing employment opportunities for blacks; (3) amnesty for demonstrators; (4) creation of a biracial committee to set a timetable for desegregation elsewhere in Birmingham. Mass demonstrations begin.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

April 6-10—Birmingham was known as "the most racist city in America." Segregationist violence was common. Demonstrators for the march on City Hall are carefully screened, nonviolent. Police order marchers to disperse. When they refuse they are arrested. Each day the demonstrations grow stronger, as does a black boycott of Birmingham stores.



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

April 11—Police Chief "Bull" Connor moves his campaign from the streets to the court and gets an injunction to stop the demonstrations. MLK has never violated a court order, but he now directs protesters to continue. The following day (Good Friday) MLK, Abernathy and 53 other demonstrators are arrested. MLK is placed in solitary confinement for 24 hours. **April 13**—President Kennedy calls Mrs. King and assures her MLK is fine. A few minutes later MLK is allowed to telephone his wife.

Six Weeks that Shook the South

Recently, I marched in Forsyth County, Georgia to protest the Ku Klux Klan and was struck by how much times have changed. More than 10,000 people joined that march, and we were guarded by an army of Georgia State Troopers. The atmosphere was festive, and no one had any real sense of danger. But things weren't always that way, and while we were marching along, singing the old songs, I couldn't help thinking about how it had been in Birmingham, Ala., when Martin Luther King and I had our showdown with Bull Connor:

We were not in the best of spirits. We'd just returned from an unsuccessful campaign in Albany, Ga. Birmingham offered us the opportunity to redeem ourselves and prove that the Southern Christian Leadership Conference was truly a national organization, that we were the spearhead of the civil rights movement. Birmingham was hard, mean, and run by an unbending white establishment, perfectly symbolized by the steel statue that towered over the city, holding up a torch. We had our own idea of what the torch meant; among black people,

By Ralph Abernathy



April 13—Left to brood in jail, King writes his famous "Letter from Birmingham Jail," explaining the need for non-violent civil disobedience.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

April 14th—(Easter Sunday)—Small groups of blacks seek admittance to six white churches. Some are turned away. **April 20**—Singer Harry Belafonte raises \$50,000 towards bail; MLK and Abernathy are released.



CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

May 2—More than 1,000 young people, trained in nonviolence, are arrested as they set out from the 16th Street Baptist Church.

May 3—More students march, chanting "We Want Freedom." They refuse to stop when ordered, and a livid Connor orders fire hoses turned on the demonstrators. Police dogs also are unleashed, and the next day newspapers throughout the world show photos of police and dogs attacking children.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

May 4 & 5—Connor continues making arrests. Governor George Wallace promises Alabama's segregation laws will continue. With hundreds of reporters, photographers and cameramen now focused on Birmingham, the Kennedy Administration intervenes. Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall goes to Birmingham to negotiate for the President. The demonstrations and the violence continue. More than 2,500 are in jail.

REVEREND WALKER/SCHULKE ARCHIVES



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

May 8—Abernathy and MLK are held in jail several hours for parading without a permit. They post \$2,500 bond and are released. King has no intention of easing the pressure until black demands are met. Marshall is the catalyst. He communicates between the groups who will not talk to each other.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

May 10—Black and white citizens of Birmingham reach an agreement.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

May 11—The home of the Rev. A.D. King and Room 30 of the Gaston Motel (MLK's headquarters), both empty at the time, are bombed following a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan. Thousands of angry blacks pour into the streets, looting and burning. **May 12**—250 state troopers are called in, and 3,000 Federal troops are put on standby. Over the next days and weeks, King and Abernathy's "pool hall pilgrimages" help ease tensions. **May 20th**—The Supreme Court of the United States rules Birmingham segregation ordinances unconstitutional.

"Bumminham" was known as the most segregated city this side of Johannesburg.

We were invited there by the Rev. Freddy Lee Shuttlesworth. He wanted us to help him integrate Birmingham's public accommodations, a task that most people regarded as impossible. But Fred had done the impossible before. He was absolutely fearless, and that was one reason we decided to come. When we arrived at the airport he was there, tall and lean, a confident smile on his face. But he'd brought only two other people.

"Where are the rest?" Martin asked.

"At the weekly meeting of the Birmingham (Baptist) Ministerial Alliance," said our host.

Martin asked if the Rev. J.L. Ware was still president of the alliance, and when we were told he was, Martin said, "Let's go see Ware."

So we drove to the church where the group was meeting and sat in the back while business droned on. Everybody knew we were there, but no one offered to introduce us. Finally Fred interrupted Mr. Ware and asked that Martin be allowed to say a few words. The reverend hesitated, then agreed. After Martin had finished, everyone praised us and wished us well, but no one offered to stand with us. Left without an endorsement, we retreated to our headquarters in the Gaston Motel.

We decided to appoint an advisory board of prominent black business and professional leaders, knowing that while they might not be active, they would serve, because they were aware that most blacks supported what we were doing. In Birmingham, middle-class blacks had made their peace with the white power structure. They were unwilling to risk their precarious status to help their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Our low expectations were confirmed on Good Friday: We'd been ordered not to make trouble (i.e., march to City Hall and demonstrate for our rights). When we met at the Gaston Motel to plan strategy, one middle-class board member after another warned us against the march, while across the street in the 16th Street Baptist Church our supporters were singing hymns. Outside, hundreds and hundreds of people milled about, waiting two hours for word to march. As we talked in the motel, two white policemen sat in the church with what I called the "doohicky bug," a transmitter that beamed everything that was said to Bull Connor, sitting in Police Headquarters a few blocks away.

Suddenly Martin had enough. "I'm going anyway," he said. Then he embraced me.

"Sunday's Easter, and Daddy can take my services at Ebenezer. But West Hunter has only you," he said, referring to my congregation in Atlanta. "I'll understand if you don't come this time." He meant, of course, that by Easter he would either be in jail or dead.

"You know I'm coming with you," I said, and

we both walked across the street, into the church, and down the aisle, with Fred Shuttlesworth right behind. We were greeted with cheers and words of encouragement. Then, as if on cue, most of the people in the pews stood up and marched out behind us.

As Fred stepped out the door of the church he was hit by water from a fire hose and swept up against the wall. The force broke four of his ribs. The streets were filled, but as we walked past a police car we could hear on its radio the sounds of middle-class blacks still inside the church as they sang, "What a fellowship, what a joy divine." The doohicky bug was working.

The police surrounded us like a defending army, and we began marching, but nothing happened till we started to cross Sixth Avenue. Then they came in with the dogs. The police waded in, and Martin and I quickly found ourselves being dragged toward a waiting paddy wagon with our hands cuffed behind our backs. They tossed us inside like two sacks of feed.

There for the first time we crossed paths with Bull Connor. We didn't see him but we heard him, talking to the driver of the wagon.

"Where did all these niggers come from?"

"I don't know, Mr. Connor," someone replied, "but we've filled up the city jail, the Jefferson County Jail, the Bessemer Jail, the Fairfield Jail, even the fairgrounds."

There was a long pause.

"All right," he growled, "then don't arrest another nigger unless it's Abernathy or King."

"We already got them," the voice said.

"Then take them to the city jail and make sure you keep them apart."

But Connor had made a strategic error. Left to brood, Martin had read a letter in the local newspaper signed by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious leaders, telling us to go home. Fired up, he had written on scraps of paper and toilet tissue his "Letter from a Birmingham Jail." He slipped it to the SCLC's executive director, Wyatt Tee Walker, who had the notes transcribed. This document became the Declaration of Independence for the civil rights movement and aroused people all over the country.

I suspect that letter will be read by Americans long after Bull Connor has ceased to be even a footnote to the history we wrote in Birmingham that year. But he was a tough adversary and Birmingham was a tough town. When the fight was over and we had won, the casualties were high, including four little girls killed in that same 16th Street Baptist Church. I thought about them and about Martin Luther King as I strolled along in Forsyth County, my three children by my side, holding my wife's hand.

Ralph Abernathy became national president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.) after Martin Luther King's assassination in 1968.

A strangler stalked Boston's streets, murdering women at random. Albert DeSalvo claimed to be that strangler. But was he?



The Wrong Man?

Not in dispute is the fact that DeSalvo molested several women living alone. He posed as a repairman or magazine salesman or would claim to be a photographer. If all these failed, he knew how to pick a lock.

Between June 14, 1962, and January 4, 1964, 13 women in the Greater Boston area, ranging in age from 19 to 85, were murdered in their homes by at least one sexually depraved intruder. In most of the cases the victims were throttled with a nylon stocking tied in a signature bow. For more than three years, Bostonians lived in fear: Locks and chains outsold baked beans, the watchdog market boomed, and repair services slumped as women home alone stopped answering their doorbells. A Brockton woman died of a heart attack at the sight of an encyclopedia salesman.

Greater Boston is a collection of small towns, Boston proper a collection of once-distinct villages. Panic becomes epidemic very fast in such settings, which is why witches were stoned or hanged in 17th-century Salem.

Before the fear lifted, the Massachusetts Attorney General had engaged the services of a man with "a radar brain," an occultist and a computer to assist in the search, all in vain. The murders stopped in January 1964. But nine months later, a young, pregnant bride called police to report that she had been attacked in her Cambridge apartment by a man who gained admission by pretending to be a detective. He pinned her down on the bed and threatened her with a knife: "Not a sound or I'll kill you," he said. But after tying her hand and foot and molesting her, he left, saying, "I'm sorry."

The woman's description of her attacker led police to Albert H. DeSalvo, a 35-year-old ex-Military Policeman turned laborer who lived with his wife and two young children in Malden, a Boston suburb. DeSalvo had a history of breaking and entering charges and had been convicted of molesting gullible women who admitted him to their apartments on his unsupported claim of being a recruiter for a nonexistent modeling school. He had been released from prison in April 1962 after serving time for indecent assault. DeSalvo bragged while in custody then that many of the women had willingly removed their clothing to assure accurate measurements and that they had responded to his fondling and

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

By George V. Higgins



THE BOSTON HERALD

At first the victims were elderly (the oldest was 85); but as time passed they got younger (one was only 19).

took him into their beds without complaint, either to him or to the police.

There has never been any real question that DeSalvo was the man described by the Cambridge woman or that the attack on her strongly resembled the preliminaries of the unsolved homicides that had plagued municipal, state and Federal investigators for more than 40 months. Three other women—from Melrose, Wakefield and Arlington—also came forward, after DeSalvo was arrested, to identify him as the man who had sexually molested them. Neither is there any question that both he and his lawyer, F. Lee Bailey, steadfastly maintained that DeSalvo was the Boston Strangler, nor is there any reasonable doubt that the Strangler usually talked his way into his victims' apartments, as DeSalvo claimed he had. Seldom in his "career" did the Strangler leave any signs of forced entry.

What does remain fair game for speculation is whether DeSalvo was *in fact* the Boston Strangler. Thomas C. Troy, the lawyer who replaced Bailey in 1968, insisted he was not. A fair number of law enforcement people who pursued the Strangler tend to agree with Troy. And Dr. Ames Robey, the chief psychiatrist at Bridgewater State Hospital, where Albert DeSalvo was lodged for psychiatric evaluation, has never

retreated from his diagnosis: DeSalvo was over-sexed, yes, and capable of home invasion, but was not sufficiently violent to have performed the stranglings.

F. Lee Bailey, now 53, still crops up in the unlikeliest places to try the nastiest cases. Outside the courtroom he is one of the most charming people you will ever meet, looking and behaving like Lord Byron resurrected. Inside the bar enclosure he is a wolf in a well-pressed suit. Unwary—or vanquished—opponents have disparaged him as a flamboyant publicity hound who pre-tries his cases in the media, thus propagandizing prospective jurors long before the trial begins. It is indisputably true that he starts preparation long before the other side, and if it looks to him as though the government intends at trial to portray his client as a monster, he paints him vividly as victim long before.

At the time of DeSalvo's arrest, Bailey was fresh from winning an acquittal in a case that the prosecution had no business losing and not a clue about how to win. Bailey was only about as eager to represent the Boston Strangler as was Cinderella to enter the coach to the ball.

With Bailey's penchant for being in the right place at the right time, it happened that he knew his way to Bridgewater State Hospital well before

Albert DeSalvo was sent there. He already had a client in residence. George Nassar, a vicious, unprincipled and crafty figure with his own reputation for sexual misdeeds, was under observation awaiting trial on a murder charge. (Witnesses to his crime said Nassar had first stabbed a gas station attendant in the spine before emptying a sidearm into his body.) Nassar told Bailey that DeSalvo had boasted of murderous exploits involving women. He also told Bailey that DeSalvo wanted Bailey to represent him. The next time Bailey came to Bridgewater to talk to Nassar, he also signed in to speak to DeSalvo.

In the meantime, a territorial battle had turned the case into something of a political football, with Massachusetts Attorney General Edward W. Brooke as quarterback. With his eyes on his own re-election in 1964 as well as a future Senatorial seat, Republican Brooke had as many reasons to assert his jurisdiction in the case as the various Boston-area police forces—all of which had strong ties to the Democratic party—had to resent that assertion. "Brooke just *hated* publicity," said a policeman on the case at the time, not without sarcasm. "The idea of being on television every night, in the papers every morning, cripes, that just made him sick. But for the good of the Commonwealth, in the interest of public safety, he'd make the sacrifice."

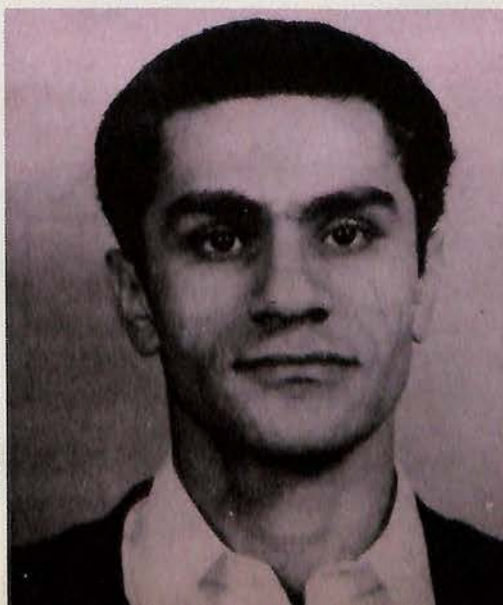
If Brooke's grandstanding infuriated most of the local constabulary, his appointment of Assistant Attorney General John S. Bottomly as chief of a new Strangler Bureau drew ridicule.

"He's made the head honcho on the criminal case of the century, and what the hell'd he done before the Strangler?" an assistant prosecutor recalled. "He was the chief of Eminent Domain,



The flamboyant F. Lee Bailey, DeSalvo's attorney, painted his client as an "uncontrollable human vegetable obsessed by irresistible sex impulses." Such a monster, he argued, had to be legally insane.

THE BOSTON HERALD



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

George Nassar, a vicious and crafty figure with his own reputation for sexual misdeeds, could have shared secrets—as well as his attorney—with DeSalvo when they were both "patients" at Bridgewater State Hospital.



for Chrissake. He'd taken land away from old ladies so the state could build new roads." (Before he died in 1984 at 63, he had been suspended from the practice of law and threatened with jail for contempt of a court order. The order had directed him to restore nearly \$200,000 to an estate of which he was conservator; he claimed to have invested the money in a salvage operation to reclaim a vessel, laden with raw wool, sunk during World War II by a German submarine 200 miles east of Nantucket.)

At the time of his appointment, Bottomly was devoted to Brooke's political advancement, something that would most definitely be aided if Brooke's office nabbed the Strangler.

It was within this maelstrom of resentments, egos and ambitions that F. Lee Bailey took on the defense of Albert DeSalvo.

DeSalvo was of course well aware that his previous record as a sex offender virtually guaranteed a life sentence if he was convicted of the pending sex-offense charges. He may therefore have reasoned (or been susceptible to the suggestion) that claiming to be the Strangler might strengthen an insanity defense. At the very least, he must have known his claim to be the Strangler would confer upon him celebrity status—and the cash that could be generated from it—far exceeding that which he had achieved as middleweight boxing champion of the U.S. Armed Forces in Europe. Though of no more than normal intelligence, DeSalvo could have assimilated detailed information about the settings of the murders from Nassar, who could have coached him during the pair's long days on the ward.

Because each of the Strangler's 13 victims had died alone at home, and there were no reports of intruders on or near the death scenes, the only living person with certain knowledge of the crimes was the killer himself. Bottomly may have thought he had to accept Bailey's offer of a plea bargain; in any case, in exchange for a negotiated finding of legal insanity, Bottomly agreed that nothing DeSalvo said about the murders would be used against him in court.

But in fact Bailey had muddled Bottomly. If DeSalvo's answers established that he was the Strangler, DeSalvo would spend the rest of his life as a patient in a mental institution, unless, of course, he "recovered" and got out. If his answers failed to correspond to the secret details of the murders, Brooke's office would not be able to claim to have apprehended the Boston Stran-

gler. Bottomly, who chose to interview DeSalvo himself (another break for Bailey), therefore had a strong incentive to find DeSalvo's answers convincing, which, not surprisingly, he did.

With great fanfare, Brooke announced the Strangler had been caught at last. Plans went forward for books and a movie about DeSalvo, who was quoted as saying his share of the profits would pay his lawyer and support his family.

But in the spring of 1966 (an election year), before DeSalvo was brought to trial, Bottomly resigned from Brooke's staff, enigmatically citing differences in philosophy. Bailey became alarmed that the agreements he'd made with Bottomly would not be kept. Nothing had been put in writing. If the feckless Bottomly was succeeded as prosecutor by some hard-charging fighter who knew the ropes, he might very well pitch the Bottomly files unread and go after DeSalvo afresh—or try to, at least. (In the meantime, Brooke successfully captured the Senate seat being vacated by the retiring Saltonstall.)

Bottomly was succeeded by Donald L. Conn, Bailey's former Boston University Law School classmate (and his principal competitor for top rank in the 1960 class). Conn, an ebullient and ferocious advocate who died in 1986 at the age of 50, ignored the question of whether DeSalvo was

Large communities like Boston calmly tolerate news of hundreds of homicides each year. That tolerance is based upon the perception that most such victims wittingly or unwittingly risk violent death, whether by engaging in dangerous occupations (trafficking in drugs, etc.), living with volatile relatives, or frequenting lawless neighborhoods. When there is a plausible explanation for a murder—an evident process of cause and effect—it neither seizes the popular imagination nor provokes near-hysterical fear.

The stranglings did both, precisely because none of the victims had in any noticeable way courted her fate. That was why the police were baffled; accustomed to determining the identities of slayers by careful inquiry into the habits and associations of their victims, the cops were intellectually hamstrung by a killer who chose his targets at random, for motives only he understood. It followed logically that if there was no discernible reason for his choice of his last, there was no way to predict his next, and therefore every female member of the community, no matter how shy and retiring, was at risk. That brought on the panic.

Albert DeSalvo was murdered at 42 in 1973 by other Walpole State Prison inmates, in a quarrel over either a pound of bacon or control of drug



Left to right: Bottomly, Conn, Brooke, and Moynihan. Players in a game of political chess.

the Strangler and prosecuted him on the charges brought by the women in Melrose, Wakefield and Arlington. The trial turned into a pitched battle. Dempsey and Tunney in the ring put on no better show than did Conn and Bailey.

Bailey tramped up all the dust he could, trying to establish that his client had strangled 13 women, was consequently legally insane, and therefore not guilty by reason of insanity of the lesser assault and molestation crimes with which he had actually been charged. Conn balked Bailey at every turn, aided considerably by Judge Cornelius Moynihan—a notorious martinet on the bench. Conn even snickered at Bailey (he was good at snickering, especially when he was winning).

DeSalvo was convicted on all charges and sentenced to what amounted to life in Walpole State Prison without possibility of parole. It was never determined whether he was in fact the Boston Strangler. Bailey told the press, with historical inaccuracy, that Massachusetts had just "burned another witch."

distribution. (Today, F. Lee Bailey says he remains convinced that DeSalvo was the Strangler; he doubts that Nassar would have been able to recreate the murder scenes with the detail that DeSalvo recounted. And Bailey says that Nassar had good alibis for all of the stranglings.) As for George Nassar, convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life without parole, it is not likely he will ever emerge from what is now called the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Cedar Junction (Walpole by any other name).

There have been no murders committed in the Boston Strangler pattern since Bailey's two Bridgewater clients were collared. At the very least, clumsily, law enforcement officers succeeded in their mission of halting the serial killings in Boston two decades ago. But maybe, just maybe, they did it by bagging the wrong man.

George V. Higgins was an Associated Press reporter in Boston at the time of the stranglings, a Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General under trial chief Donald L. Conn and one-time opponent of F. Lee Bailey in a murder case. His 14th novel, Outlaws, is published by Henry Holt.

In many quarters, the news that some women wanted more than baby, home and husband was branded as rank heresy.

When a Smith alumna named Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique* in February 1963, the struggle for women's rights in America had been on hold for nearly 20 years. Whatever gains had been made during the war years—when women took over the desks and factory workbenches of absent G.I.'s—had been reversed when Johnny came marching home.

Friedan's thoughtful analysis of female discontent was widely attacked. Most men, and a surprising number of women, simply regarded as heresy the notion that there might be more to a woman's life than the satisfactions of hearth, home, bassinet and stove. For most Americans that year, the elegant and educated Jacqueline Kennedy—apparently content in her role as wife and mother—served as a more appropriate model of contemporary woman-



Friedan in 1963

hood. And even many of those who agreed with the thrust of *The Feminine Mystique* understood better what they didn't want than what they did.

But over the next quarter-century, more and more American women began questioning traditional assumptions about their wife-and-mother role in society. In time, the women's movement would change American culture no less profoundly than would the black struggle for civil rights.

Memories sought out four American feminists, of vastly differing backgrounds, each of whom, a quarter-century ago, felt the stirrings of what Friedan called the "problem with no name." How, we wondered, had life turned out for them? What might they tell us about the changes that they, and America, have experienced, and about the children they bore and raised in that transitional time?

What Did You Do in the Movement, Mommy?

Reported by Maureen McFadden

LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Writer and Editor

By the time she married in 1963, 24-year-old Letty Cottin's age had become an issue. "It was a scandal for a nice Jewish girl not to be married by 24," she remembers. "Everyone I knew was married, but I had finally to convince myself I could give myself the kind of life others were marrying for."

There were 1.6 million weddings that year, many of them big, old-fashioned family affairs like the one that united Cottin, a publishing-

company vice president, to 29-year-old Bertrand Pogrebin, an attorney. The only cloud on Cottin's horizon came from having to give up her large, sunny apartment to move into smaller quarters with her new husband. "It was considered unseemly in those days for a man to move into his wife's bachelor apartment," she recalls.

Having graduated from college at 19, Pogrebin found herself running four departments in the Bernard Geis Associates publishing company a scant two years later. Although she says she "was not at all conscious of feminist principles," her memories of her mother, who died when Pogrebin was 15, were strong. "She was an immigrant," Pogrebin says. "After divorcing her first husband, she wanted nothing more than to stop working and become a real American housewife, to be taken care of. After she married my father and he provided her with that life, she found it wasn't what she wanted at all."

"Patriarchal families made me feel uncomfortable when I was growing up. Our family was so active, so alive it made me feel lucky, privileged."

Robin Pogrebin: *New York Times Office Person*

"Growing up, everything was equal between my sisters and me. It wasn't until I got older that I understood how unusual that was. Sometimes I would get a doll for my birthday. I liked it. Occasionally somebody at school would tease me about something, but it didn't stop me. If it had, I wouldn't be cooking today."

David Pogrebin: *apprentice chef*



The Pogrebin family: Abigail, David, Robin, Letty and Bernard, in New York.



SYLVIA PLACHY

Lori, Tod, Charles and Ellie Smeal

in my kitchen," she remembers.

It was only after six years of marriage and five of motherhood that Pogrebin began to think seriously about feminism and childrearing. She recalls "coming home with a little basketball hoop for my two-year-old son, and while I was attaching it to his bedroom door my husband said, 'He can hardly even walk yet. Why not give it to the girls?'" That epiphany became the germ of her best-known book, *Growing Up Free* (1980), a powerful argument against the sexual stereotyping of children.

Pogrebin, a founding editor of *Ms.* magazine, has written six books and contributed to many others. She writes and lectures, mostly on feminism and the family. Her daughters have graduated from Yale: Abigail is a researcher and an aspiring actress, Robin is an Office Person at *The New York Times*. Son David is a student at the Culinary Institute of America and works as an apprentice chef.

"I used to come home from school and challenge my mother with arguments somebody had given me about feminism. When I saw her passion I realized the history behind her beliefs. I've never really experienced discrimination, so sometimes I forget this is a cause, a social movement she's been involved in."

Abigail Pogrebin: researcher and aspiring actress

Looking back at herself 25 years ago—a young bride rushing home from work at lunch time to prepare her husband's dinner—Pogrebin feels she and her family have grown up free. "Because of the women's movement, we all have options that are so much wider than those of our mothers and fathers," she says. She sees the movement today "atomizing into groups working more intensely on single issues such as reproductive rights, welfare reform and the feminization of poverty," the latter referring to the alarming rate at which women are slipping beneath the poverty line.

ELEANOR SMEAL

Past President,
the National Organization for Women

The year Friedan's book came out, Eleanor Cuti was in Erie, Pa., working toward a Ph.D. in political science and preparing to marry fellow doctoral candidate Charles Smeal. Soon Ellie Smeal was busy with her studies and her new marriage. Five years would pass before confinement following the birth of her second child, Lori, gave her the time to discover the women's movement by reading its literature. Like Pogrebin, Smeal's memories of her mother, "a good girl, a perfect housekeeper," had shaped her view of the woman's place in society. "She hated the way she grew up," says Smeal. "She had no education and the price she paid for it was her life.

"It came as no surprise to me then, to find out that I'd been breaking the rules all along," she remembers. "It was the way my mother had raised me. She never glorified the way things were. She looked ahead."

Smeal's study of the re-emerging women's movement led her in 1970 to join the National Organization for Women (NOW). NOW had been born out of a scribbled note Betty Friedan had written on a luncheon napkin in 1966 "to take actions needed to bring women into the mainstream of American society, now. Full equality for women in fully equal partnership with men." For Smeal, NOW became the spearhead of a social revolution she was taking an enthusiastic part in.

"I love seeing my mother on TV; it's really neat when she's talking about something the two of us have discussed. She's the exact same personality at home as she is outside ... she's never anyone else."

Lori Smeal: Boston University sophomore

Smeal devoted more and more of her time to NOW debates and court cases until, in 1977, she accepted her first full-time job as its president. Under her leadership, NOW increased its membership from 35,000 to over 220,000. Her first term expired in 1982, her second in 1985.

In her new position as director of the Fund for the Feminist Majority, Smeal is trying to encourage more women to run for office themselves and to support female candidates. Women in elected positions, she believes, will shape the future of feminism in this country. Although she grants that the "the women's movement went beyond our wildest dreams," she feels its next challenge is to remove those obstacles that "keep women from running for office or from winning when they do run."

JANE LAZARRE

Novelist and Nonfiction Writer

Jane Lazarre was a junior at New York's City College in 1963. An English major, she looked forward to a dual career as a psychoanalyst and writer. Having grown up in a nontraditional household, she felt even in those days that the conventional rules did not apply to her. Her mother had died when Lazarre was very young, and she was raised by her father, a Communist Party organizer whose views and values were reinforced by relatives and friends. But the contradictions in those values, she remembers, troubled her. "Though there was stated equality between the sexes," she says, "in fact, most of the women worked, supported the family and took care of the household, while the men involved themselves in politics." Still, she also thinks of herself as "very much a product of the 50's: There was the double standard then; men were to be the sexual protectors of girls."

She married Douglas White, a black Yale law student from the South, in 1967. Two years later a son, Adam, was born. Having little memory of being mothered herself, Lazarre was surprised by the depth of her maternal feelings and the career conflicts they engendered. Her husband was supportive but the environment was not. "I was miserable in New Haven," Lazarre remembers. "I was surrounded by very traditional women. They had all the answers."

In New York, following White's graduation, Lazarre and some friends

founded a cooperative preschool for their children. She also began writing articles, mostly about women's issues, for *The Village Voice* and *Ms.* magazine. In 1976 she published *The Mother Knot*, a study of mothering and separation that has become required reading in women's studies courses across the country. She has also written short stories and novels (most recently *The Powers of Charlotte*), and has taught at Yale and City College in New York. Currently, she is on the faculty of Eugene Lang College in New York, teaching writing and women's literature.

Lazarre feels that in addition to celebrating the achievements of women in history, the challenge for feminism today is to recognize that the historical domination of women by men parallels the subjugation of any group by any other. From such knowledge, she maintains, comes commitment. As an example, she says, "The peace movement has been strengthened by the feminist analysis of violence and power."

Lazarre's son Adam is a Harvard freshman and jazz musician (saxophone and electric guitar). Khary, her younger son, attends private school in New York and is as passionate about social injustices—apartheid, the homeless—as he is about football, baseball and basketball.

BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON

Writer

Growing up in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn's middle-class Italian neighborhood, Barbara Grizzuti thrived on the encouragement of teachers who were impressed by her intelligence and precocity. Their attentions helped offset some of the pain she experienced when, as a member of the Jehovah's Witnesses, she was chastised by superiors who told her that curiosity and wit could be a woman's undoing.

Discouraged from continuing her education beyond high school, she was put to work making beds and cleaning a men's dormitory in the sect's Brooklyn headquarters. "I never objected," she says. "One didn't unless one wanted to be told one was being influenced by demons." But at 22 she broke both with the sect and with her devout family. "I wasn't scared of leaving God so much as leaving my mother," Harrison recalls. "She had an enormous need to have me fulfill her investment in me. Of course it wasn't my life I was leaving then, it was hers." Three years later, she married a field worker for CARE.

She spent 1963 in Libya, happily mothering her first child, Joshua, but isolated from friends and events in America. Eleven months after the birth of her son, and by then living in India, she gave birth to a daughter. "I had no coherent thoughts about raising children," she remembers. "I just didn't want to say 'no' a lot, and I wanted them to feel happy and never to feel bullied by people or events. Sometimes I think their perceptions formed me as much as mine formed them. I'd spent almost all my life with people who were both terribly needy and encumbered by ideology. My kids' needs, by comparison, seemed beautifully straightforward and clear. I think they were the first people in my life I completely trusted and was not intimidated by. I didn't scare them, either."

Harrison wrote her first magazine article in 1976, basing it on the attempts of a parents group to develop a nonsexist, nonracist curriculum at her children's school. Six months later the article had grown into her first book, *Unlearning the Lie: Sexism in School*. A second book, *Visions of Glory*, explored the history of the Jehovah's Witnesses.

A decade ago Harrison embraced Roman Catholicism. "I tend now to place my feminism in the context of the Church. Anyone who thinks feminism and Catholicism are not compatible just doesn't know enough about one or the other."

She has continued to examine the appeal, particularly to women, of cults and other "enrichment therapies" and is also at work on a travel diary of Italy. Her son, Joshua, a graduate of New York's School of Visual Arts, is a painter. Daughter Anna is an outreach specialist for the White Lung Association, a group aiding victims of exposure to asbestos.

Of feminism Harrison says, "I no longer regard women as cripples. I used to think that we had to put up with more and get less. Now my daughter doesn't see her womanhood as an impediment any more than my son defines manhood by picking up a gun."

Maureen McFadden is a freelance writer. She has contributed to *The New York Times*, *Working Woman*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Geo*.

"I majored in religion at Barnard. I know I was directly affected by my mother's early experiences. I finally read Visions of Glory in school for a paper I was writing. I hadn't been able to read it before then. It was stunning; my mother's a wonderful writer. The professor asked me if this Harrison was any relation to me. I felt very proud of my mother."

Anna Harrison: outreach specialist, The White Lung Association

"My mother's a very passionate woman; I love that about her. But she's also terribly controlled underneath and disciplined and very intelligent."

Anna Harrison

On the eve of his assassination, John F. Kennedy stood poised to become one of America's great Presidents.

What If?

Two years of experience in the White House had battle-tested him. He had met his Soviet adversary Nikita Khrushchev, made mistakes, taken his measure, and mastered him. In two years of indeterminate skirmishing with Congress, he had come to understand better its strengths and weaknesses—and his own. Most important of all for a political leader in a democracy, he had achieved a sensitive and dependable relationship with the public.

By January 1963, a solid majority of the people—the same people who had elected him by the narrowest of margins in 1960—had confidence in him. Kennedy had won their support not because of some mysterious “charisma.” Nor was it due to the fact that he was young and handsome and had a beautiful wife and two attractive children. No, he had made himself the nation's leader because of the wisdom of his major decisions, because of his coolness and courage in adversity and his magnanimity in moments of triumph, and because of the high order of political competence he had demonstrated—his stirring rhetoric, his effective delivery on television, his skill in dealing with the writing press, and his fluent sense of what the public would and would not accept.

The first big event of Kennedy's Presidency was a defeat. He decided to allow the Central Intelligence Agency to go ahead with its planned invasion of Cuba using Cuban exile troops. The landing in April 1961 at the Bay of Pigs was a fiasco, but in those difficult moments, Kennedy showed several qualities that in the long run were to be the making of him as a President.

First, he did not panic. The C.I.A. and Pentagon officers who had worked on the invasion plans had not worried too much about the risks; they had calculated that once the fighting began, the President would order American planes to provide air cover and, if necessary, send in the Marines to consolidate the beachhead, rather than permit a defeat. Those officials misread Kennedy.

The President had made it clear during the planning sessions that this was not to be an American operation; the Cubans were to fight and win their own battle. When he realized on the first day of fighting that the operation had gone awry, Kennedy did not compound the failure by doubling the stakes. He stuck prudently to his decision to keep U.S. armed forces out of it.



JFK's theatrical press conferences vastly increased his popularity.

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After the Bay of Pigs, JFK avoided public scapegoating, but he held his subordinates accountable.

After the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy avoided public scapegoating, but he did hold his subordinates accountable for their bad advice. Over the next several months, he eased into retirement Allen Dulles, the C.I.A. director, Richard Bissell, the agency's top planner of the Cuban invasion, and General Lyman Lemnitzer, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Kennedy left his military and intelligence bureaucracies in no doubt as to who was boss.

His other move after the Bay of Pigs was to make two speeches, one the next day to the annual meeting in Washington of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and the other some weeks later in Miami to the families and friends of the captured Cuban rebels. Both speeches pulsed with aggressive challenges to Fidel Castro and implicitly to Khrushchev. He told the editors that America's patience was not inexhaustible and that we would take action to prevent any Communist expansion in this hemisphere. He told the exiled Cubans that their cause was sure to triumph and that one day they would again walk the streets of Havana as free men and women.

I covered that ASNE speech as a correspondent for *The New York Post*. Dorothy Schiff, the *Post*'s publisher, stood

By William V. Shannon





With daughter Caroline on his lap and brother Bobby taking pictures, the President gave several junior Kennedys a ride around his father's Hyannisport, Mass. estate over the 1962 Labor Day weekend.

REUTERS/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



In Berlin, JFK told a wildly enthusiastic crowd, "Ich bin ein Berliner."

beside me as Kennedy, handsome and tight-lipped, strode across the platform to the podium. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief." As the spotlights played on the handsome young President, Mrs. Schiff whispered to me: "It's not real. It's Hollywood!"

In a way she was right; Washington and Hollywood have this in common: They are both factories for the manufacture of images and illusions. In Hollywood, the medium is film; in Washington, it is the speech. There is a mistaken tendency to dismiss political speeches as "mere" rhetoric. But for a political leader, a speech is a form of action. If well done, a speech shapes the way in which people perceive the past and the future and therefore influences how they will act in the present. (Ronald Reagan has been the most popular and successful President since Kennedy in part because he, too, has understood the importance of speeches.)

In Washington, unlike Hollywood, a good script cannot substitute for wise action, but good rhetoric can enhance a leader's actions and can create a favorable psychological atmosphere in which he can promote his policies. Kennedy's defiant speeches helped offset a military setback; his opinion poll ratings actually rose after the Bay of Pigs.

Two months later, Kennedy met Khrushchev in Vienna. The Soviet leader had interpreted Kennedy's prudent refusal to get bogged down in a war in Cuba as a sign of weakness. He took a hectoring tone and tried to bully Kennedy into backing away from his pledges to defend West Berlin. He, too, misjudged Kennedy.

Kennedy returned to the U.S. determined to show his mettle. He ordered military reservists to active duty, asked Congress for an emergency military appropriation, and proposed a program of air-raid shelter construction. In retrospect, we can see that he probably overreacted.

Khrushchev was not impressed. A year later, he took his big gamble of putting nuclear missiles into Cuba. This was the political equivalent of sticking his thumb in the President's eye. Yet again Kennedy kept his cool. He rejected the hawkish advice to bomb the missile sites in a "surgical strike." Instead, he ordered a naval "quarantine," giving his

In Vienna, Khrushchev took a hectoring tone and tried to bully Kennedy about Berlin.

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THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Critics decried the President, here with Jacqueline, for style over substance.

opponent time to reconsider and back off—which Khrushchev eventually did.

In facing down his adversary in the world's first and so far only nuclear confrontation between the superpowers, Kennedy won an enormous political victory. In his moment of triumph, he was wise enough to be magnanimous and to put his victory to constructive use. He allowed Khrushchev to save face and soon afterward renewed the negotiations which led to the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of July 1963, putting an end to nuclear explosions in the atmosphere.

Kennedy had been equally magnanimous earlier that year toward a domestic adversary. After forcing Roger Blough, the chairman of U.S. Steel, to back down in a dispute over steel prices, Kennedy went out of his way to speak well of Blough and enlist his cooperation. He thereby made it clear that while he would not allow big business to bully a President, neither did he seek a war with the business community.

A sense of timing was another of Kennedy's strengths. A man of action who was also a reader of history and a close student of other politicians, Kennedy as a young Congressman had observed Harry Truman send up bold legislative proposals that never went anywhere. Having been elected on a pledge to "get this country moving again," Kennedy was determined not to duplicate Truman's futility. If he had offered a big civil rights package in 1961, he would have gone nowhere. He chose to wait until the evening news had prepared public opinion for strong action by showing police dogs, water hoses and electric cattle prods being used by Southern sheriffs against the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and black civil rights demonstrators in the spring of 1963. When Kennedy went on television in June 1963 to define civil rights as an inescapable "moral issue" and to propose a comprehensive civil rights bill, the time was right. Who now remembers that for the previous two and a half years liberal critics had giped at Kennedy and urged him to show "less profile and . . . more courage"?

Would he have led America into the Vietnam quagmire? I have no hesitancy in answering that question: No.

His civil rights program caused Kennedy's popularity in the South to plummet, but it held firm in the rest of the nation. Had he lived, he would have defeated Barry Goldwater or any other Republican Presidential candidate in 1964. His economic record was one of low inflation and rising employment and prosperity. He had recruited a Cabinet and staff of able people and run a scandal-free administration. (Although gossip about his sexual promiscuity circulated in Washington during his administration, it was not widely reported until after his death.) His trip to Europe in June 1963, where he drew huge and wildly enthusiastic crowds in West Germany ("Ich bin ein Berliner") and in Ireland, showed that he had captured the imagination of Europeans as well as that of his own people. His program to put an American on the moon by the end of the decade had given Americans a unifying national project that was romantic and inspiring yet peaceful.

The big conundrum about Kennedy's place in history is always the question: Would he have led America into the Vietnam quagmire as Lyndon Johnson did in 1965? For several reasons, I have no hesitancy in answering that question with an unqualified no.

First, Kennedy was an admirer of General Douglas MacArthur and took to heart MacArthur's counsel, based on his Korean War experience, that the U.S. could never win a non-nuclear ground war on the mainland of Asia.

Second, those critics who stress that Kennedy's team of "the best and the brightest" were with Johnson as he plunged into the Vietnam debacle fail to note the absence from LBJ's circle of Kennedy's two closest advisers, Robert F. Kennedy and Theodore C. Sorenson. Kennedy never made a major foreign-policy decision without consulting them. Unlike technocrats such as Robert S. McNamara and McGeorge Bundy who stayed on with LBJ, Sorenson and Bobby Kennedy were the only men around JFK who understood his political necessities as well as his foreign goals.

Third, Kennedy was a combat veteran. He knew that war means misery, and he had no inner need to win a war in order to prove anything about himself.

Finally, if Kennedy had gone into Vietnam full-tilt and it began to go badly, he would soon have cut his losses and pulled out. It is inconceivable to me that Kennedy, the founder of the Peace Corps, a man jealous of his popularity among the young, and a politician with a finely-tuned sensitivity to public opinion, would have stood as Johnson did with his feet in wet cement for three years, unmoving as the campuses of the nation blew up around him.

If Kennedy had lived, there would have been no Johnson Presidency and no large-scale United States participation in Vietnam's war. If the Vietnam issue had not divided and demoralized the Democrats in 1968, Richard Nixon would not have made a comeback and there would have been no Watergate. If Kennedy had lived, he would have left the Presidency on January 20, 1969 a more popular man than when he entered it. America on that day would have been a much more united and contented country than it was or than it was to be in the several years that followed.

William V. Shannon covered JFK for The New York Post from 1949 until the President's assassination. He was on the editorial board of The New York Times, U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, and is currently Professor of History and Journalism at Boston University.

If Only!

By David Nyhan

I saw Jack Kennedy strolling through Harvard Square, loping along with that funny haircut—short on the sides, high on the top—dressed as if he'd just hopped off a sailboat in faded chinos and sneakers and an old blue shirt, eating an ice cream cone and lugging copies of *The Globe*, *The Washington Post* and *Le Monde*.

I didn't see any Secret Service men. If they still dog this ex-President, now 18 years out of office, they stay out of sight. Nobody much bothers Kennedy. The cop in the Square, the counterman at the Wursthau, nod and call:

"HeyJackhowareyahowsitgoin'?"

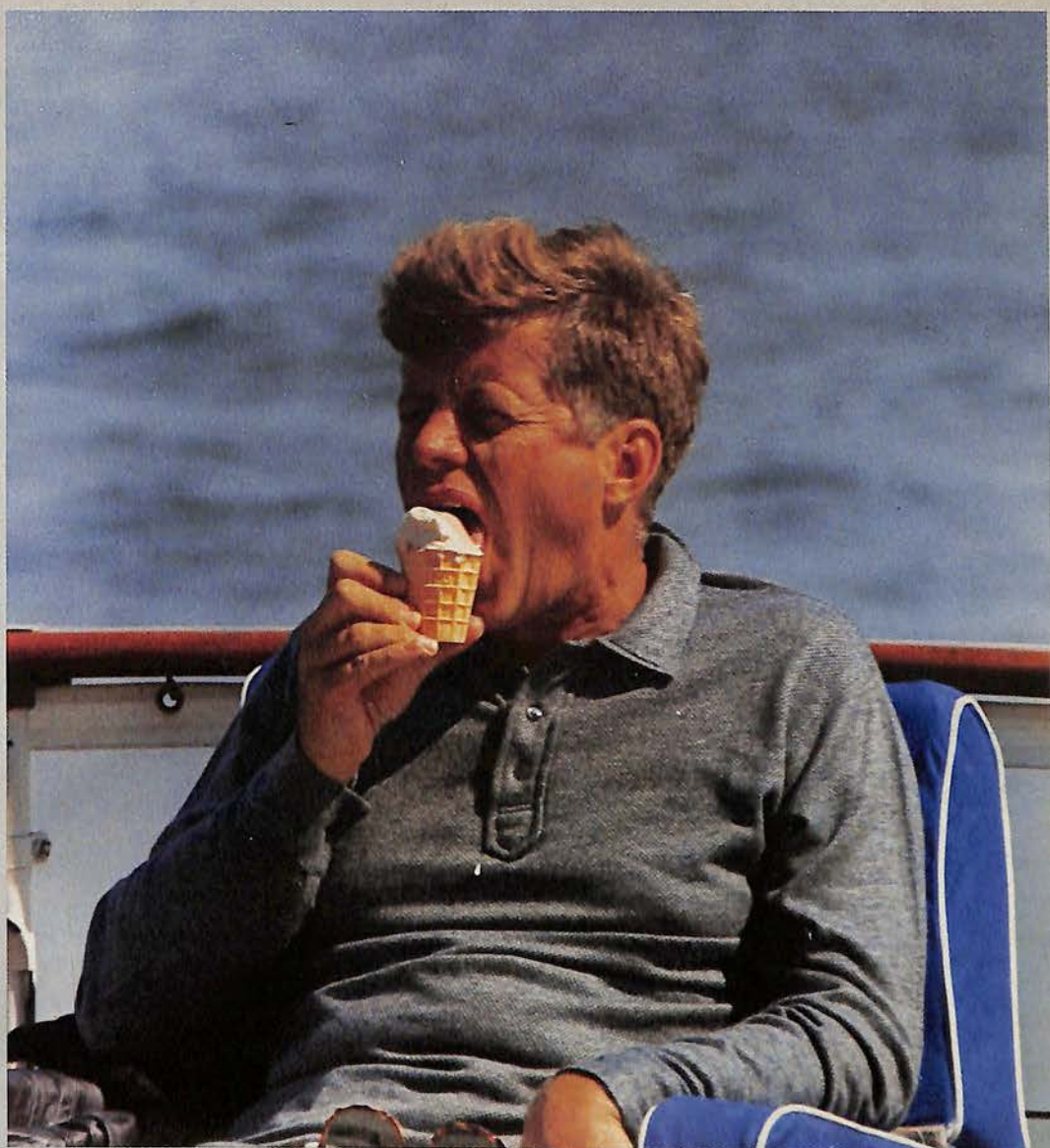
He waves and keeps walking, down Boylston—not JFK—Street, to the door of his Presidential library, which sits right alongside the Charles River, not relegated to the old dump site on Dorchester Bay.

I'll bet he's steamed over that lead story today. He's probably already scheming about whom he'll call, how he'll try to shape the news, even though he's been gone nearly two decades from the Oval Office: "Hello, Bradlee? Listen, you silly s.o.b., how can you guys print that White House junk without even checking with the allies? Ben, you getting soft in your old age?"

I fall in 10 yards behind the former President, youngest man ever elected, youngest to retire after two full terms. I mull over his career, marvel at the spring in his step, muse at the difference he has made. By God, for a man of 70 he's one trim-looking fella. Still got an eye for the girls, I read somewhere.

I've forgotten the name of that crazy who nicked Kennedy with a bullet in the shoulder, that day in Dallas. Jack Ruby? The name means nothing to me. Officer Tippett? Never heard of him. LBJ's grim visage, that lady justice of the peace, the bloody skirt on Jacqueline? It never happened.

Watergate? Isn't that a building in Washington? Vietnam? That was the place in Southeast Asia where we once had 17,000 troops, before Kennedy got re-elected and pulled the plug. I hear it's a typical Communist country



"Listen, you silly so-and-so. How can you print that White House junk?"

JFK LIBRARY

now, lousy economy, no freedom. Too bad.

Sure I remember Nixon. He was Ike's Vice President. Lost to JFK in '60, went back to New York and made millions as a bond lawyer. The Great Society? Never heard of it. All I know is Jack Kennedy was always the luckiest guy in the world. Rich, good looking, powerful, friend to popes and peons, the guy had it all.

It's been more than 40 years since he first began campaigning—like a demon—all over Charlestown and Cambridge. He was just 29 and just back from the war, the 11th Congressional District fight was a bloodbath, and he won it in a squeaker.

That was his history: close fights for a first term, real Pier Six brawls, then he'd win reelection in a walk. It worked that way for Congress, the Senate, the White House. He beat Nixon in '60 by only two-tenths of a percentage point; in '64, he creamed Goldwater.

Then he got us out of Vietnam, and he cut the deal with Martin Luther King Jr. for the Civil Rights Compromise of 1965. But the big thing was arms control, and using the money from arms for the world food fund.

Khrushchev revealed in his memoirs that he'd almost decided to nuke it out with Kennedy over Cuba. Then it occurred to him that this skinny little stringbean whose old man smuggled whiskey during Prohibition might be just a mite tougher than he first thought.

And Khrushchev wrote about how he got a translation of Kennedy's speech up at the University of Maine in October 1963: "If this planet is ever ravaged by nuclear war, if 300 million Americans, Russians and Europeans are wiped out by the 60-minute nuclear exchange, if the survivors of that devastation can then endure the fire, poison, chaos and catastrophe, I do not want one of those survivors to ask another, 'How did it all happen?'"

After he read that, Khrushchev wrote, he knew that a nuclear test ban was the only way to go. All of the United Nations bans on nuclear weapons sprang from that one speech in Maine. Funny how things turn out. It's hard to believe that JFK is 70 years old. What a life!

David Nyhan is an associate editor and columnist for the *Boston Globe*. He is currently covering his sixth Presidential campaign.

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2 pkgs. (4-serving size)
JELL-O® Brand Strawberry
Flavor Gelatin
5 c. boiling water

Holiday Ribbon Ring

2/3 c. sour cream or vanilla
yogurt
2 pkgs. (4-serving size) JELL-O®
Brand Lime Flavor Gelatin

1. Dissolve strawberry flavor gelatin in 2 1/2 cups boiling water. Pour 1 1/2 cups into 6-cup ring mold. Chill until set but not firm, about 15 minutes. Chill remaining gelatin in bowl; gradually blend in 1/3 cup of the sour cream and spoon over gelatin in mold. Chill until set but not firm, about 15 minutes. 2. Repeat with lime flavor gelatin, remaining 2 1/2 cups water and 1/3 cup sour cream, chilling dissolved gelatin before measuring and pouring into mold. 3. Chill at least 2 hours. Unmold. Makes 12 servings.

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20 YEARS AGO

Jan.-1968-June



Lyndon B. Johnson

WIDE WORLD/A.P.

All Hell Breaks Loose

The U.S.S. Pueblo, Navy intelligence ship with a crew of 83, seized by North Korea and held captive for most of year... Although President Johnson wins New Hampshire primary, **Sen.**

Eugene McCarthy garners unexpected 42 percent of Democratic vote and attendant media attention... Robert Kennedy declares for the Presidency... LBJ withdraws from race, **halts bombing of North Vietnam**... Columbia students, led by S.D.S. member Mark Rudd, close University by occupying building, protesting plans to build new gymnasium... Martin Luther King assassinated in Memphis, Tenn. by James Earl Ray, sparking **racial violence across country**... Vice President Hubert

Humphrey announces candidacy for Democratic Presidential nomination... Nelson Rockefeller declares for Republican nomination... Michigan Gov. George Romney, "brainwashed," withdraws... Ronald Reagan contemplates run... Richard Nixon leads in polls... The Poor People's Campaign opens in Washington; sets up "Resurrection City" of tents and shacks on Mall near Lincoln Memorial... LBJ signs "truth in lending" bill... **Robert Kennedy assassinated by Sirhan Sirhan** in Los Angeles hotel following California primary win... LBJ signs bill barring interstate shipment of handguns... Communist troops launch **Tet offensive in Vietnam**, with heavy casualties on both sides... U.S. forces withdraw from Khe Sanh, South Vietnam, following four-month siege... **My Lai massacre**... Czech Communist Party Secretary Alexander Dubcek leads "Prague Spring" flowering... Leftist student demonstrations erupt in France... Peace talks to end Vietnam War begin in Paris...

Robert Kennedy assassinated



Khe Sanh siege



Columbia takeover

First successful heart transplant

performed in Capetown, South Africa by Dr. Christiaan Barnard... "Maxi" skirt arrives... Top model: Penelope Tree... Pulitzer Prizes go to William Styron for *The Confessions of Nat Turner* and George Kennan for *Memoirs*... New books: **Gore Vidal's** *Myra Breckinridge*, Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, John Updike's *Couples*, Arthur Hailey's *Airport*... In the Heat of the Night wins Oscar for Best Picture, with Rod Steiger Best Actor... Katharine Hepburn wins for *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*...

The Graduate is top grosser

Aretha Franklin and James Brown top music charts... Hit songs "Love Is Blue," "Honey," "Mrs. Robinson," "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"...

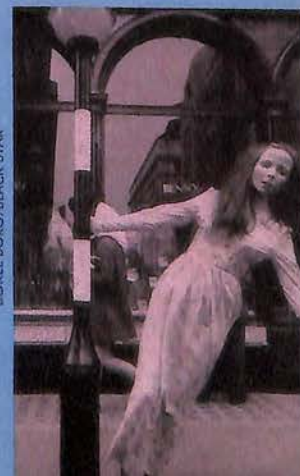
"New Rock" groups Jefferson Airplane, Mothers of Invention, the Doors, Cream, challenge Beatles' supremacy... Emmys go to *Get Smart*, **Mission: Impossible** and Rowan

and Martin's *Laugh-In*... Bill Cosby wins for *I Spy*, Don Adams for *Get Smart* and Lucille Ball for *The Lucy Show*... Most popular TV shows: *The Andy Griffith Show*, *The Lucy Show* and *Gomer Pyle*... Broadway openings: *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, *Plaza Suite*, *George M* and *Hair*... Long runs: *Hello Dolly*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Man of La Mancha* and *Cactus Flower*... **Green Bay Packers win Super Bowl II** against Oakland Raiders... Figure skater Peggy Fleming wins Olympic gold medal in Grenoble; French skier Jean-Claude Killy wins three... Derby winner Dancer's Image disqualified for drugs.

Model Penelope Tree



Martin Luther King Jr. assassinated



JOSEPH LOUW/LIFE
BOBEL BORG/BLACK STAR



BILL EPPIDGE/LIFE MAGAZINE © 1968 TIME INC.



Mark Rudd in 1968: He was not seen as a compelling figure until he emerged as commander of the communards.

The most important of the student rebellions paralyzed a prestigious school, shortened the tenure of its president, and frightened many adults.

There was no way in which 1967—or '66 or '65—could have prepared most of us for 1968. We were in a kind of national sleepwalk—aware, on a dream level, of black rage; of the undertow of Vietnam and the paradox of young doves on the verge of mayhem. . . .” The distinguished writer, John Hersey, wrote this a decade later, remembering what he called “that year of shocks.”

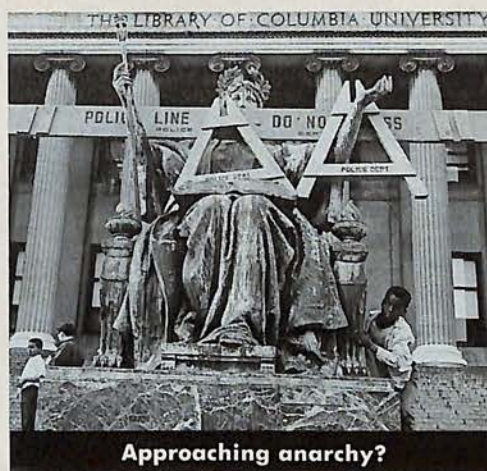
The first came on January 31, with the Tet offensive launching surprise attacks throughout South Vietnam. These included an assault on the U.S. Embassy compound in Saigon, which lasted 6 ½ hours and which was not repelled, in Hersey’s words, “before cameras had caught glimpses, for all incredulous America to see, of this fantastically courageous penetration into the very heart of U.S. complacency in Vietnam.”

Complacency about the war was withering fast, and, many of the young, already agitated, grew fiercer and more reckless in their resistance to it and to the draft. Protests seemed like mutinies, the level of disorder and emotion now unmanageable. A new name in the spring of 1968 stood for that defiance, for the anger new to many Americans.

That name belonged to Mark Rudd. A tall boy with nice, blue eyes, raised in a suburb of New Jersey, Rudd led an uprising at Columbia University. It was the most important of all the student rebellions, surpassing even Berkeley’s protests of 1964. It paralyzed a prestigious Ivy League school whose trustees were powerful and esteemed. It mocked, and then shortened, the tenure of Columbia’s president, Dr. Grayson Kirk. It also deeply disturbed and frightened many adults—even those opposed to the war—who felt that anarchy and chaos were approaching.

One of more than 17,500 students on campus in the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan, Rudd was not seen as a romantic or compelling figure until he emerged as the commander of the communards, composed and coherent on television, clearly not about to compromise with university officials, whom many students perceived as autocratic. “He was not charismatic but he was very smart and very brave,” a former classmate remembered.

For the first few months of 1968, Columbia was not a tranquil place but it was hardly turbulent. Mark Rudd was by then president of the campus chapter of Students for a Democratic Society, or SDS, the national organization founded in 1962 with a vision of a “participatory democracy” and a new blueprint for America. Based on the progressive principles expressed in its manifesto, the Port Huron Statement, SDS became the major expression of the New Left in



Keeping the Faith

By Gloria Emerson



the 60's, not at all a revolutionary organization until its final phase and ultimate death in 1969.

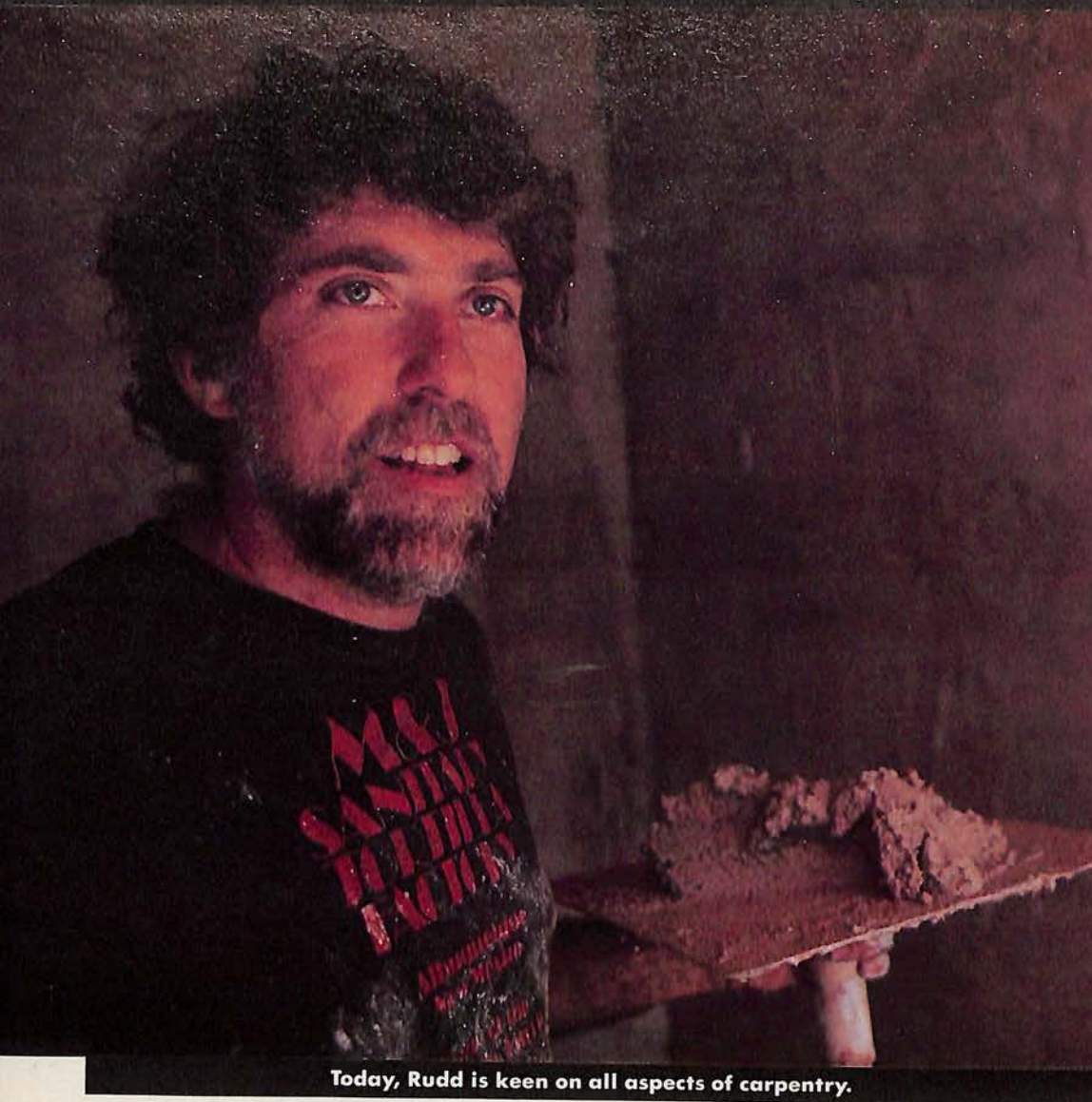
The university had been strongly attacked by both students and some faculty members for its complicity with the war through its connection to the Pentagon-funded Institute for Defense Analysis. No less a grievance was the university's plan to use part of a Harlem park to build a new gymnasium with separate, inferior facilities for community blacks.

That March, Rudd and five other SDS members had tested new university rules against demonstrations with a sit-in at Low Library. When the six were placed on disciplinary probation, April 22nd, Rudd called a rally for the next day. Several hundred students gathered and Rudd led them to Hamilton Hall to present their demands to a dean. When the dean refused to meet them, they blocked his door, keeping him inside, a loud chorus of chants going up. The occupation had begun. The next morning, when more militant black students asked all whites to leave Hamilton, Rudd and his followers complied, releasing the dean as they departed. Each day more buildings were occupied: Avery; Low Library, the seat of the administration; Fayerweather and Mathematics.

The Columbia revolt lasted five days, with an estimated 1,000 people—students and some outsiders—occupying five buildings on campus, using furniture and file cabinets to barricade the doors. A famous photograph of one of the students who took over Dr. Kirk's elegant office, smoking one of the president's cigars, reinforced press reports that hooligans were wrecking the place. A door was broken and files ransacked, although according to the Fact-Finding Commission on Columbia Disturbances, headed by the Harvard law professor Archibald Cox, there was “no substantial vandalism” in Kirk's office. Rudd was quoted as saying afterward that participatory democracy had been put into practice.

In the early hours of April 30, with the students braced for it, the end came. Very few put up a fight. In the largest such action in the history of American universities, an estimated 1,000 police, many of whom had been busy trying to contain antiwar demonstrations elsewhere in New York, violently ejected the students from the buildings, causing as much distress in the city and beyond as the students had caused by their own behavior. There were 711 arrests and 148 injuries. President Lyndon Johnson, in a speech in Chicago, pleaded for unity and said the nation could not long endure divisiveness.

“Columbia quickly became the symbol for all student protest, and it energized the news media, angered the politicians, terrified academics and



Today, Rudd is keen on all aspects of carpentry.

inspired the students," the writer and educator Kirkpatrick Sale wrote in his book, *SDS*.

Living in danger, sharing what little food and space they had, feeling themselves to be members of an authentic and ardent new community, the students knew an exhilarating intensity at Columbia that many can still remember 20 years later. James Kunen, who wrote a book on the occupation, *The Strawberry Statement*, remembered problems as well, in a magazine article he wrote 10 years afterward. "We tried to be nice to the janitors and cleaning ladies," he wrote, "but we immediately barricaded the door behind us. Later, that became an issue. It seemed silly to talk about scratching furniture when American planes were bombing Vietnam."

An amazing place, Mark Rudd says of Albuquerque, N.M., whose political energy he admires and where he has lived for several years in a house he built himself. A divorced father of two, Rudd is keen on all aspects of carpentry and proud of his house, which is pleasant and orderly. There are chattering birds and fat plants near a huge window, but nowhere is there a television. As a loyal member of the local Society for the Eradication of Television, he prefers the radio. Bertha Rudd, his mother, remembered how at the age of 12 her son had a license as a ham radio operator, about the

time he was reading Kafka. Engels and Spinoza came a bit later. Report cards shone with A's.

Open and unassuming, Rudd still shows faint traces of having once been on the run. (After 7 years underground, he surrendered in September 1977 and pleaded guilty to state criminal trespass charges and other misdemeanors; he was fined \$2,000. Federal charges of one count of conspiracy to possess explosives were dropped when the government declined to go forward with a hearing on government misconduct ordered by a Federal judge.) He is not at all a celebrity in Albuquerque, Rudd insists, and he does not encourage attention from the young who occasionally seek him out as an intellectual ex-outlaw with some swell stories to tell. He doesn't tell stories. He does not wish to be admired or fussed over. "I don't accept it and I don't benefit from it," Rudd said. He is asked often enough, when people first meet him, why he is such an optimist, such a cheerful man. "I feel very lucky," he answered. "We have lived through an amazing historic event—the existence of the movement to end the war in Vietnam in this country. Some people have said it may have been democracy's finest hour. I think it is probably one of the two or three most important historic events in the history of the United States—how the American people turned against the military

adventure abroad. I don't think it is preceded in American history and I also think there are few precedents in world history."

Rudd was an original Weatherman—later called Weathermen, Weatherpeople, then Weather Underground—whose name is from a Bob Dylan lyric ("You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows" from "Subterranean Homesick Blues"). Advocating armed struggle and the overthrow of established power, several hundred white, middle-class young radicals emerged from the ashes of SDS and became feared more for their intentions than their actions. Some of them carried out a few bombings of selected targets, including a New York City police station. But their most terrifying and widely publicized act was the result of a mistake. It occurred in March 1970, when a New York townhouse on West 11th Street was demolished by an explosion. (One of seven Weathermen assembling bombs there must have touched a wire to the wrong terminal.) Three were killed; four fled.

Rudd was not among them. By that time he was living in eastern Pennsylvania, in disguise—coloring his brown hair a different shade—and working as a mason's helper, one of many menial jobs he held even when he found his employers rude or abusive. "I had to transcend what these jerks were handing me," Rudd remembered. "I needed the job and couldn't afford to quit. I had no credentials, no references. I never lost a job; I am so adaptable."

Much has been written about the Weathermen, usually in reviling or condemning tones. Some of these criticisms might not be disputed by Rudd. But there is also another view. "The Weathermen were among the young in the 60's for whom a knowledge of the true nature of their nation proved intolerable," Peter Marin, known for his essays on Vietnam and its veterans, has written. "They had discovered the moral void at the heart of American life; they saw it as clearly as anyone in the 60's perhaps. They were shocked, astonished, transformed, but they had nowhere to go after their vision of the void but straight into it, and in they went, losing themselves in the very same dark they feared and opposed."

Of his own years of unrelenting opposition to the war, Rudd said with a rather grim humor, "We were good Americans. We believed in justice. We were avenging angels."

After earning a degree in 1980 in secondary education at the University of New Mexico, Rudd taught English, mathematics and reading for six years at the Albuquerque Technical Vocational Institute. Now he's given up teaching, which he loved, to write, to lecture and to increase his involvement with the Albuquerque Center for Peace and Justice.

Because Rudd wished to make, as he put it, "a small statement in Nicaragua to the Nicaraguan people that not all Americans want to kill them,"

MATTHEW NAYTHONS

he started, with private donations, the New Mexico Construction Brigade. In February 1986, he went with the first delegation to that country. Living in a cooperative outside La Trinidad, the group built four houses, brick with dirt floors. He lived in a shed with six families—pigs below them—and helped with a corn harvest.

Remembering Columbia in 1968, Rudd's voice is happy, although, typically, he has never stopped analyzing what might have been achieved, what different tactics could have been used. "I was amazed, it was incredibly joyous," he said. "We were given office space. We rented mimeograph machines—there was no Xerox then—and at times we had three of them going 24 hours a day. We had telephones. Money was flowing in. Our errors came mostly from being too cautious. We should have held out better. We should have kept the communes going in some manner even after the bust."

This spring, Andrea and Richard Eagan of Brooklyn, N.Y. plan to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary on the Columbia campus. Their marriage took place at 9 P.M. on a Sunday night in occupied Fayerweather Hall. The next day, the bride was handcuffed and shoved into a paddy wagon, a long line of bruises soon to emerge on her side from police night sticks. Two women friends, one shackled for resisting arrest and bleeding, sang: "Here comes the bride. . . ."

By all accounts, theirs was a splendid wedding. The several hundred people present lit candles and held them while someone banged on a frying pan like a gong. The bride, who had been in Fayerweather for five days, wore a borrowed white sweater and borrowed white dungarees. On her head, in place of a veil, she wore a doily or a runner from a dresser.

"A woman I didn't even know gave me a cameo ring which had been her grandmother's," Eagan remembered. "Later when we saw each other I thought she might want it back, but no, she said I should keep it." She wears it still.

The Eagan's wedding was filmed by amateurs for a black and white documentary, *Columbia Revolts*. Later, Columbia students who watched the film could see Richard Eagan say: "The spirit in Fayerweather is so high tonight we've decided it would be entirely appropriate to be married!" The woman by his side, round-faced, looking younger than 24, her smile almost a benediction, then speaks: "It was felt that Fayerweather was not only homely ground but was our home, and we both decided to be married with our family." The huge "family" roars.

A former president of the Writer's Union, Andrea Eagan writes about health and women's issues for New York's *Village Voice* newspaper and other publications. She and her husband, a painter and sculptor who works as a barker at Coney Island in the summer, have two daughters and a modest house with a nice, small backyard.

They also have, she says, a "wonderful marriage," as well as the same passionate beliefs and principles they acted on 20 years ago.

"A friend recently said to me, I don't do politics anymore," Andrea Eagan recalled. "I told her I don't *do* politics; it is what I *am*."

When Jeff Jones, a Californian of exceptional energy, was in the antiwar movement, he could run so fast that it sometimes aroused nasty suspicions. Once, when a friend was arrested and Jones was anxious to know where the man was being taken, he ran after the police car through the streets of New York, arriving at the precinct house at the same time as his friend. Police assumed there was a sophisticated radio monitoring network on the rooftops of Manhattan's Lower East Side to tell Jones where to go. It was often assumed that the antiwar movement possessed resources they did not.

One of three children in a Quaker family living in California's San Fernando Valley, Jones was often taken to meetings for worship as a boy. And he remembers going door to door with his father to campaign in their neighborhood for Lyndon Johnson in 1964, believing their candidate would end the war. But it was Lyndon Johnson who escalated it. Dropping out of Antioch College to join the antiwar movement, Jones had grown critical of the Quakers he knew.

"Quakerism is so pure, with its nonviolence and pacifism, that it couldn't get me through the war," Jones said. "When we talk about the moral pain we knew, I felt a clearer articulation came from Dylan's songs than from my experience as a Quaker."

He was running the regional office of SDS in New York when fists and voices went up at Columbia. Jones was already immersed in the movement, with its infinite complexities and desires. (He had taken part in the march on the Pentagon in October 1967 and Stop the Draft Week that December, no longer counting the times he had been arrested.)

"The militancy of the Columbia occupation was the result of an increasing militancy that had been going on for six months," Jones said. "It was growing and growing." He stayed in Mathematics Hall, the magnet for the most radical and for the non-students. The endless meetings and discussions night and day were presided over by a brilliant young SDS intellectual named Tom Hayden. (Now a member of the California Legislature and the husband of Jane Fonda, Hayden was one of the "Chicago Seven" indicted in March

1969 on charges of conspiracy to incite a riot during the Democratic National Convention.)

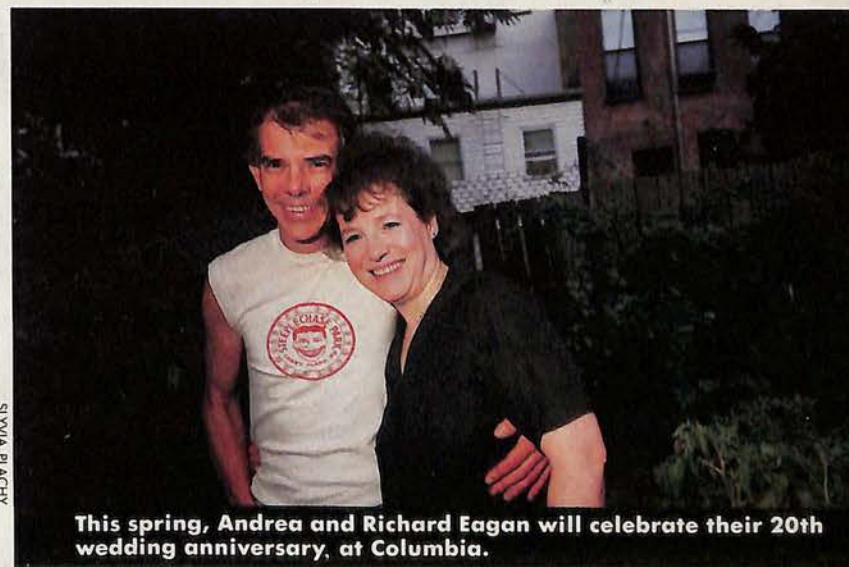
"For years Columbia was the high point of my life," Jones said. "It gave me a feeling of total liberation, for inside that building we were creating a culture that we totally believed in."

Jones, who is married and lives in upstate New York, wrote a book in 1986 called *Brigadista, Harvest and War in Nicaragua*, about North American volunteers in that country. He describes himself as a reporter, photographer and activist. He feels very strongly that the antiwar movement has kept the U.S. from using its own forces to invade Nicaragua.

In 1985 Jones went to a reunion of 15 Quaker families who gathered in the Sierra foothills. For years, Jones said, he felt that his old friends' beliefs "allowed them a sense of moral purity putting them above the fray." Seeing them again, he found the Quakers as politically engaged and attentive as they had been during his boyhood.

"I have a much greater love for them," Jones said, "Our relationship was a casualty of the war and there was a reconciliation. I traveled a great space."

It may be true, as the critic and translator Eliot Weinberger wrote in his essay, "Peace on Earth," that ". . . for us who stayed at home and fought against the war, *the war was a festival*. An



This spring, Andrea and Richard Eagan will celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary, at Columbia.

Arcady ruled by death, but an Arcady still."

People still remember a celebratory spirit at Columbia that April so long ago, the urgency, the happy excitement and constant commotion as students sat on the window ledges of the buildings they had claimed. There were banners adorning their facades, slogans written everywhere, people talking all the time. It may have been for many an extraordinary lark. But after Columbia was quiet again, there were those whose lives were never to be the same and whose struggle to end that long war was no festival at all.

Gloria Emerson's Winners and Losers, about the Vietnam war and its effects, won a National Book Award. Her most recent book is Some American Men.



DICK MARTIN

Martin has moved to the other side of the camera, directing for Paramount Television (Webster and Newhart). Married, he lives quietly in Bel Aire, Calif.

DAN ROWAN

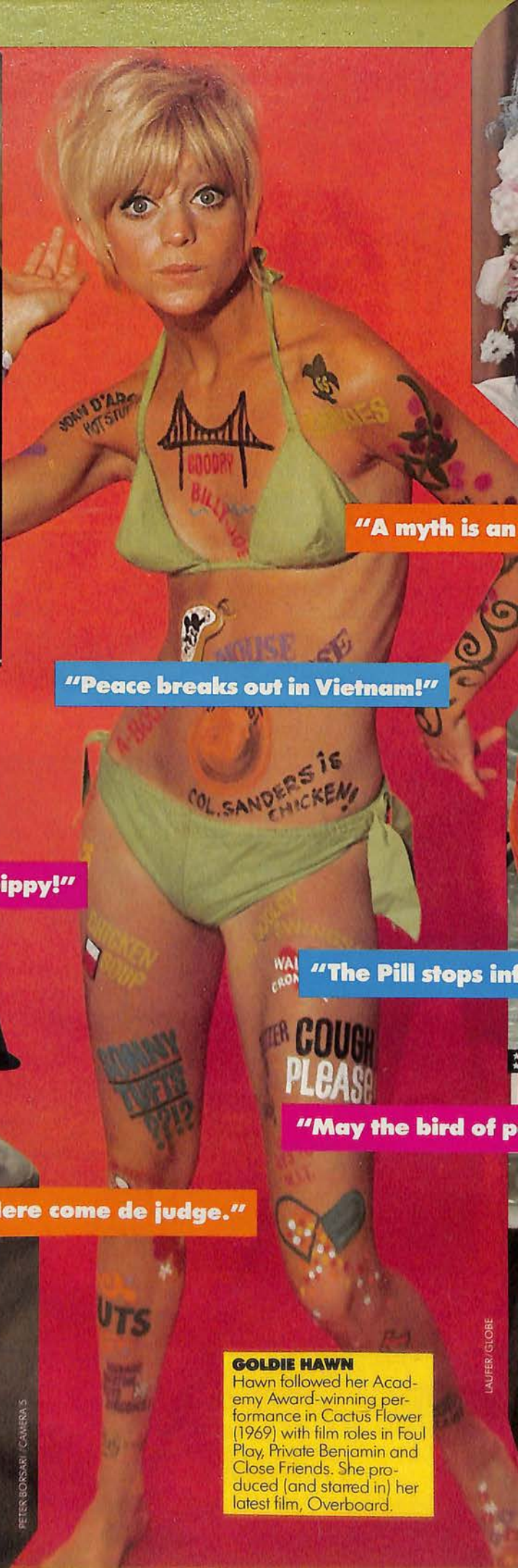
Rowan died of cancer last September at the age of 65. Retired, he and his wife spent half of each year on a houseboat touring canals in Europe, the other half in Englewood, Fla. His second novel, *Searcher*, was completed last year.



"You bet your sweet bippy!"

ARTE JOHNSON

Johnson toured in *Cabaret* and appeared in a recent episode of the television series *Murder, She Wrote*. He anticipates roles in a television sequel to *Nashville* and a film, *Night at Magic Castle*.



"A myth is an effeminate moth."

"Peace breaks out in Vietnam!"

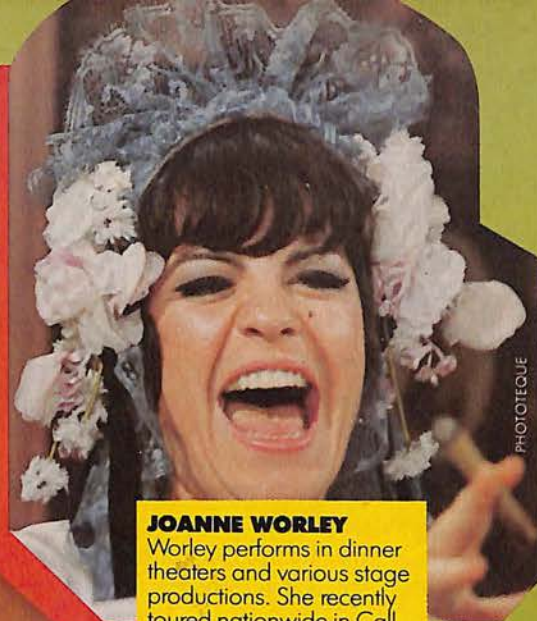
"The Pill stops inflation!"

"May the bird of paradise nest in your nu-nu!"

"Here come de judge."

GOLDIE HAWN

Hawn followed her Academy Award-winning performance in *Cactus Flower* (1969) with film roles in *Foul Play*, *Private Benjamin* and *Close Friends*. She produced (and starred in) her latest film, *Overboard*.



JOANNE WORLEY

Worley performs in dinner theaters and various stage productions. She recently toured nationwide in *Call Me Madam*.



JUDY CARNE

Carne's candid biography, *Laughing on the Outside, Crying on the Inside*, was published in 1985. Last year, she served a brief jail sentence for drug offenses, but is now rehabilitated. Commuting between England and New York, Carne sings in nightclubs.

PHOTOTEQUE

DON ORNITZ/GLOBE

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LAUFER/GLOBE

PETER BORSARI/CAMERA 5

DON ORNITZ/GLOBE

In an anxious and rebellious America, a zany and daring new series quickly became the most popular show on television.



HENRY GIBSON

Gibson published a book of poems and appeared on *Fantasy Island*. Last summer, Gibson appeared in *Innerspace*, and he currently stars in the film, *Switching Channels*.



RUTH BUZZI

Buzzi's is the voice of "Nose Marie" on the TV cartoon *Pound Puppies*. She starred in the film *Indian Summer*, and appears as a regular guest on *Truth or Consequences*.

The "Sock-It-To-Me" Gang

The original cast included the dizzy blonde, Goldie Hawn; the nasty hag, Ruth Buzzi; the "verrrry interesting" German soldier, Arte Johnson; the meek and sensitive poet, Henry Gibson; the garish noisemaker, Joanne Worley; the sock-it-to-me victim and "Mod, Mod World" body, Judy Carne; the classic radio announcer, Gary Owens, and the friendly hosts, Dick Martin and Dan Rowan. Each hour-long deluge of comedy and silliness contained more than 200 jokes. They sprang from surprise trapdoors, cocktail parties, absurd vignettes and cameo appearances. Even Richard M. Nixon, then a Presidential candidate, popped up on the screen to ask, "Sock it to me?"

Rarely did the pace slacken. Whether it was an old man in a raincoat falling off a tricycle, or an undulating torso covered in graffiti, the gags kept rolling. Favorite staples: The Fickle Finger of Fate and *Laugh-In* Looks at the News.

Laugh-In seeped into even non-viewers' consciousness. Throwaway lines like "Here come de judge" and "Beautiful downtown Burbank" became everyday expressions. "Sock it to me" competed with "groovy" and "far out." A concoction compounded of vintage vaudeville, slapstick, sight gags and punch lines, *Laugh-In* was brash, topical, risqué, fast and always of borderline taste. America loved it.

And no wonder. Elsewhere on television, viewers reeled from assassinations and political upheaval, were confronted by weekly body counts from a war they did not fully understand

and were all but overwhelmed by scenes from campus protests and inner-city race riots. *Laugh-In* didn't force us to confront the issues, but allowed us to play with them. Toying with explosive topics like organized religion, homosexuality and birth control, Rowan and Martin behaved like restless children in church. Most of us saw them as surrogates and welcomed their cerebral, quick, irreverent humor as comic relief, a societal safety valve.

Some viewers wrote to complain that the show was too explicit or was unsuitable for children. Hate mail piled up in reaction to a *News of the Future* item: "The Archbishop today announced his marriage to the former Sister Mary Catherine, and said, 'This time, it's for keeps.'" To the show's critics, producer George Schlatter replied, "Tasteless? The picture of a Vietcong prisoner being shot in the head ran in every newspaper in the world. If that is good taste and a joke about the Pill is bad taste, then I will take our brand of bad taste any day."

Once a television firecracker, *Laugh-In* began to flicker and then to fizzle after two seasons. As the best talent was lured away to explore new territory, the show dropped from number one, though it remained on the air until 1973. Despite its decline, new cast members like Lily Tomlin, the "ringy-dingy" telephone operator, still used *Laugh-In* as a launching pad to fame. As crises eased and Americans settled into the 70's, the *Laugh-In* craze became an artifact of the turbulent years that had created it.

By Delphine Taylor

MEAT LOAF ITALIANO

1 can Campbell's Zesty Tomato Soup/Sauce
 1 lb. ground beef
 12 oz. Italian sausage, casing removed
 ½ cup dry bread crumbs
 ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
 ½ cup minced onion
 1 egg, beaten
 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
 ⅓ cup water



1. In bowl, mix thoroughly ½ cup soup, beef, sausage, crumbs, cheese, onion, egg and Worcestershire. In baking pan, firmly shape into 8" x 4" loaf.
2. Bake at 350°F. for 1¼ hours or until done. Reserve 2 tbsp. drippings.
3. In saucepan, heat remaining soup, water and reserved drippings to boiling, stirring occasionally. Spoon over meat loaf. 8 servings.

BE A CREATIVE COOK

SHERRIED CHICKEN AND SWEET POTATOES

2 whole chicken breasts, split, skinned and boned (about 1 lb. boneless) or 1 lb. turkey breast slices
 2 tbsp. butter
 3 medium sweet potatoes, cooked and cut up
 ¼ cup dry sherry
 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
 1 tbsp. orange juice
 ¼ tsp. rubbed sage
 Orange slices and chopped parsley



1. Pound chicken to ¼" thickness.
2. In skillet over medium heat, in hot butter, cook and stir potatoes 1 min. Add sherry. Heat to boiling. Boil 1 min.
3. Stir in soup, orange juice and sage. Arrange chicken in skillet. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 20 to 25 min. until chicken is fork-tender. Garnish with orange slices and parsley. 4 servings.



CHEDDAR GARDEN PASTA

1 lb. carrots, diagonally sliced
1 tbsp. butter
½ tsp. dried basil
1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup
½ cup milk
½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
2½ cups cooked corkscrew macaroni



1. In covered saucepan, in ½" of boiling water, cook carrots until tender; drain.
2. In same saucepan, heat butter over low heat. Cook basil 1 min., stirring constantly. Stir in soup, milk and cheese. Heat until cheese melts. Add carrots and pasta; toss to coat. Heat. 6 servings.

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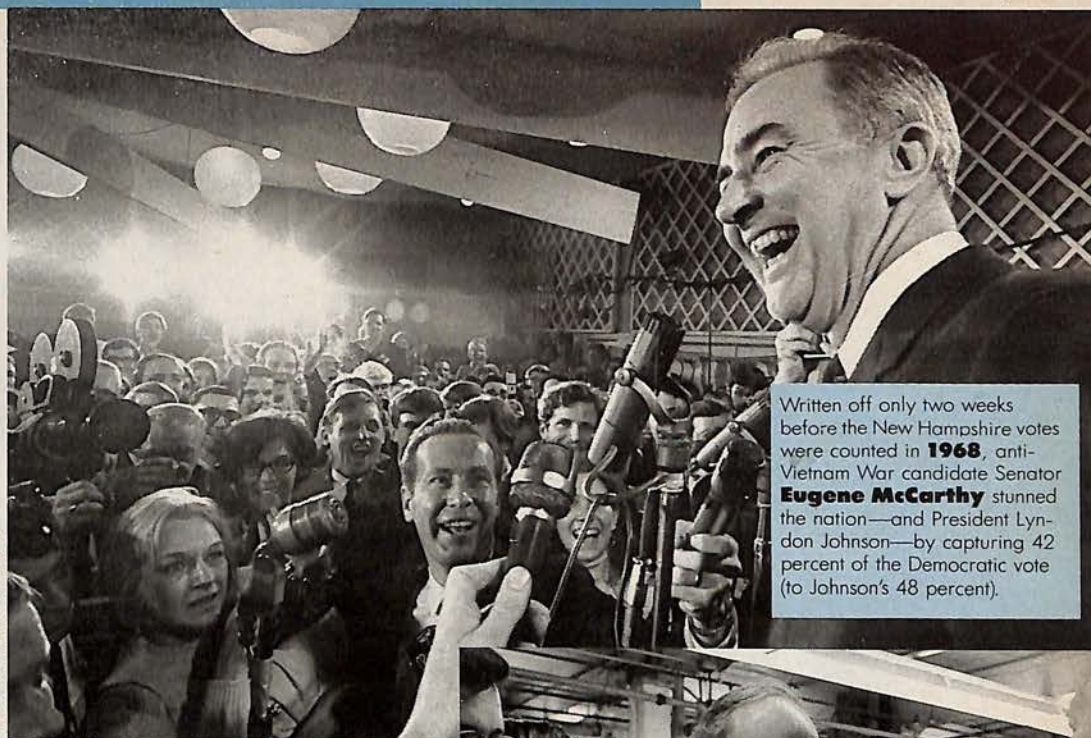
Moments of Primary Importance

As they have since 1952, politicians and pundits will scrutinize this year's New Hampshire primary in the same way fortunetellers study Tarot cards. A recent study by a political scientist at George Washington University notes that four years ago, with one percent of the nation's population, New Hampshire produced nearly 20 percent of all primary and caucus news coverage. Will the state spotlight a new political hope?

Strong showings in the nation's first Presidential primary boosted the candidacies of Eugene McCarthy (1968), George McGovern (1972), Jimmy Carter (1976), Ronald Reagan (1980) and Gary Hart (1984). Conversely, disappointing performances in New Hampshire sapped momentum from the campaigns of George Romney (1968), Edmund Muskie (1972), Henry "Scoop" Jackson (1976), George Bush (1980) and Walter Mondale (1984). A case could be made that New Hampshire's role in Presidential politics is even more profound: No elected President since 1952 has lost the New Hampshire primary in the year of his Presidential victory. And curiously, the other party's winner in those years often failed even to get the nomination (see box).

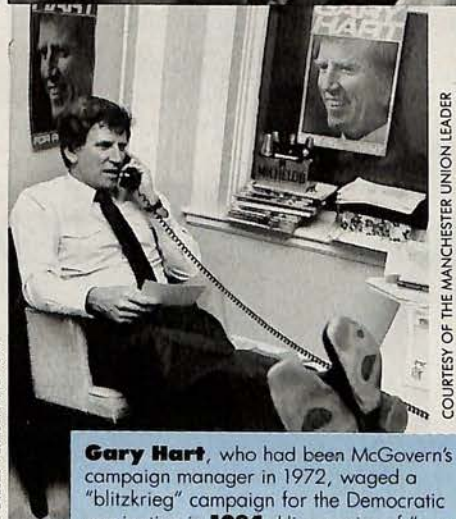
We'll leave to you and to history just what to make of that.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Written off only two weeks before the New Hampshire votes were counted in **1968**, anti-Vietnam War candidate Senator **Eugene McCarthy** stunned the nation—and President Lyndon Johnson—by capturing 42 percent of the Democratic vote (to Johnson's 48 percent).

© GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM



Gary Hart, who had been McGovern's campaign manager in 1972, waged a "blitzkrieg" campaign for the Democratic nomination in **1984**. His promise of "new ideas" led to an upset victory over Walter Mondale. But Hart's momentum was slowed when Mondale, quoting a television commercial in a post-New Hampshire debate, asked, "Where's the beef?"

COURTESY OF THE MANCHESTER UNION LEADER



George McGovern came to New Hampshire a dark horse in **1972** and left it the Democratic front-runner. Though he captured only 37 percent of the popular vote (to Muskie's 46 percent), his unexpectedly strong showing won him the critical battle for press attention. McGovern's momentum carried him to the nomination.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Senator **Edmund Muskie** of Maine went into New Hampshire as a Democratic Abe Lincoln in **1972**. His popularity fell after he lost his composure in front of The Manchester Union Leader offices, where he lashed out at publisher William Loeb. His campaign never recovered.

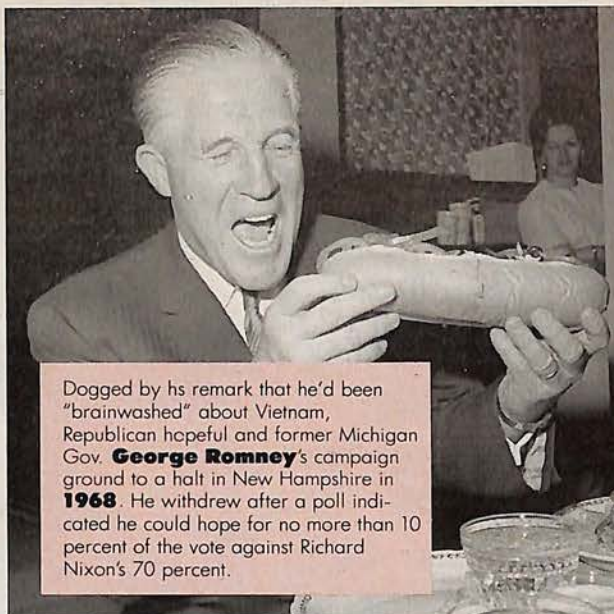
NEW HAMPSHIRE WINNERS

	Republicans	Democrats
1952	EISENHOWER	KEFAUVER*
1956	EISENHOWER	KEFAUVER*
1960	NIXON	KENNEDY
1964	LODGE †*	JOHNSON
1968	NIXON	JOHNSON*
1972	NIXON	MUSKIE*
1976	FORD	CARTER
1980	REAGAN	CARTER
1984	REAGAN	HART*

*Not nominated that year

EVENTUAL WINNER OF PRESIDENCY

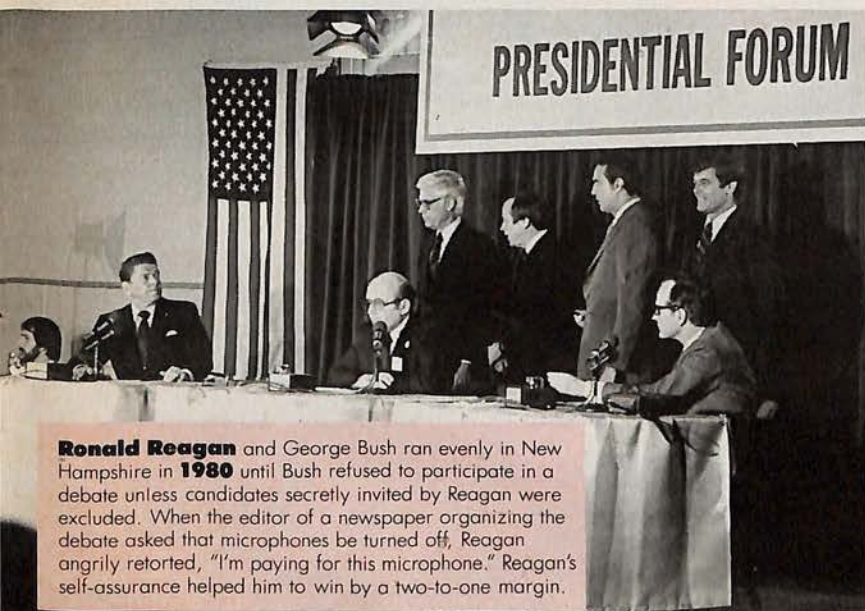
†Write-in candidate



Dogged by his remark that he'd been "brainwashed" about Vietnam, Republican hopeful and former Michigan Gov. **George Romney's** campaign ground to a halt in New Hampshire in **1968**. He withdrew after a poll indicated he could hope for no more than 10 percent of the vote against Richard Nixon's 70 percent.

WIDE WORLD/A.P.

After write-in candidate Henry Cabot Lodge, Ambassador to South Vietnam, beat him in **1964**, **Barry Goldwater** admitted he had "goofed up somewhere" in New Hampshire. But his 1,000-votes over recently remarried Nelson Rockefeller proved prophetic when Goldwater became the Republican nominee.



PRESIDENTIAL FORUM

Ronald Reagan and George Bush ran evenly in New Hampshire in **1980** until Bush refused to participate in a debate unless candidates secretly invited by Reagan were excluded. When the editor of a newspaper organizing the debate asked that microphones be turned off, Reagan angrily retorted, "I'm paying for this microphone." Reagan's self-assurance helped him to win by a two-to-one margin.

WIDE WORLD/A.P.



He had been defeated by John Kennedy in 1960, defeated in 1962 for the governorship of California and defeated in 1964 by Goldwater for the Republican nomination. But four years of behind-the-scenes politicking paid off for **Richard Nixon** in **1968**, when he emerged in New Hampshire as the leading Presidential contender.

WIDE WORLD/A.P.

PICTORIAL PARADE

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



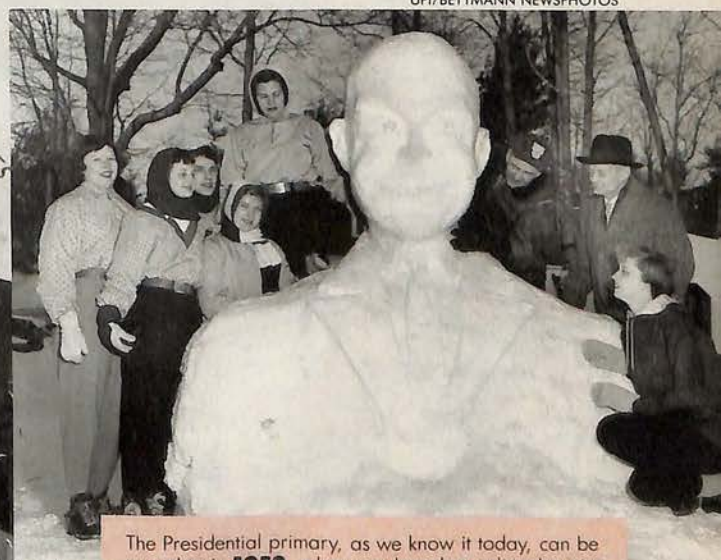
WIDE WORLD/A.P.

With his surprise showing in the Iowa caucuses, media attention swung to Democrat **Jimmy Carter** during the New Hampshire campaign of **1976**. His victory there, with 30 percent of the popular vote against a liberal field, gave his long-shot campaign strategic momentum.



In a whirlwind handshaking campaign in **1952**, Tenn. Senator **Estes Kefauver** beat President Harry S. Truman by about 4,000 votes; three weeks later, Truman withdrew from the Democratic race. But Kefauver, unpopular with party regulars, lost the nomination to Adlai E. Stevenson.

PICTORIAL PARADE



The Presidential primary, as we know it today, can be traced to in **1952**, when war hero but political novice **Dwight D. Eisenhower's** upset victory over Illinois Senator Robert Taft in New Hampshire convinced Republican Party regulars that the general could win votes as well as battles.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE WITH PINK FROSTING

- 1 c. sifted cake flour
- 1½ c. sugar
- 10 egg whites
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1½ tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Sift flour and ¾ c. sugar together in bowl. In separate bowl whip egg whites with salt until foamy. Add the cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Slowly beat in remaining sugar. Sift the dry ingredients onto the egg whites, a little at a time, and fold in until well blended. Add vanilla. Spoon into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan, and run knife through mixture to break up large air pockets. Bake for 1 hour. Invert pan onto cake rack and let cool. Remove from pan and frost with:

- 1 c. sugar
- 6 Tbs. water
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar
- pinch of salt
- ¼ tsp. almond extract
- ¼ tsp. vanilla
- ½ tsp. lemon juice
- red food coloring

In saucepan, boil sugar and 5 Tbs. water until syrup threads, at about 232 degrees on a candy thermometer. Beat egg whites, cream of tartar, salt and remaining 1 Tbs. water until mixture holds peaks. Add syrup gradually, beating constantly. Add almond extract, vanilla and lemon juice, and beat until thick enough to spread. With a few drops of red food coloring, tint pink. Frost cake, making peaks on frosting with tip of spatula or knife. Serves 10.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 12 Tbs. butter
- ¾ c. brown sugar
- 8 pineapple rings, canned in own juice
- ½ c. milk
- 1 egg
- 1½ c. flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ c. granulated sugar
- maraschino cherries

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Melt 4 Tbs. butter in ovenproof skillet or 9-inch cake pan, over low heat. Stir in brown sugar and keep over heat until completely dissolved. Remove from heat and add ¼ c. juice drained from

pineapple rings. Lay 5 drained pineapple rings in the bottom of the pan. Set aside. Cut the remaining rings in half and stand them, cut side down, around the edges of the pan. Melt remaining 8 Tbs. butter in saucepan. Remove from heat and beat in milk and egg. In bowl, mix together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat in the liquid mixture until smooth. Pour into cake pan and bake for 35 minutes, until a toothpick comes out clean. Cool, flip gently onto plate, and decorate with cherries. Serves 6.

JEWEL JELL-O

- 1 3-oz. package strawberry Jell-O
- 1 3-oz. package lime Jell-O
- 1 3-oz. package orange Jell-O
- 1 3-oz. package lemon Jell-O
- 4 c. boiling water
- 2 c. cold water

Prepare strawberry, lime, and orange Jell-O separately, dissolving each in 1 c. boiling water and ½ c. cold water. Pour each into a lightly greased 8-inch pan (using flavorless vegetable oil). Chill at

least 4 hours, until firm. Cut into ¾-inch cubes and return to refrigerator. Prepare lemon Jell-O with 1 c. boiling water and ½ c. cold water. Pour into greased 8-inch pan and chill until just thickened, about 1 hour. In bowl, gently toss together the colored Jell-O cubes. Lightly grease a 4-cup mold. Pour in enough semi-set lemon Jell-O to cover bottom. Turn cubes into mold, and pour in remaining lemon Jell-O to fill. Shake gently to get rid of air gaps. Chill overnight. To unmold, run a small knife around the edge

of the Jell-O. Dip mold into warm water for 10 seconds. Lift from water and gently pull Jell-O away from edges of mold with moist fingers. Place a moistened plate on top of mold, then invert. Shake to loosen Jell-O, then carefully lift off mold, making sure Jell-O is centered on plate. Serves 6 to 8.

CHOCOLATE ICEBOX DESSERT

- 2 sticks butter (½ lb.)
- ½ c. granulated sugar

PRODUCED AND WRITTEN BY DELPHINE TAYLOR; PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN HAGIWARA; FOOD STYLIST JOHN MASSIE; PROP STYLIST ROBYN GLASER; CHROME MIXING BOWLS FROM THIRDAVENUE BAZAAR; TOASTER FROM MOOD INDIGO; RUSSELL WRIGHT CHARTREUSE CAKE PLATE AND JUICER FROM FIRST HALE.

Mix

MASTERPIECES

Remember rushing home from band practice or a Tupperware party to a welcoming plate of tuna noodle casserole followed by chocolate icebox cake? Or sitting down to piggies-in-a-blanket, coleslaw and pineapple upside-down cake after the homecoming game or an afternoon of Scrabble? You haven't forgotten those happy times; why not get a taste of them today?

More than nourishment and comfort, these foods reflected the convenience and technology found in the futuristic 50's kitchen. Postwar prosperity brought with it the kitchen blender, the electric mixer, the pop-up toaster and, for the really conspicuous consumer, the electric can-opener. With recipes found on the backs of cans and boxes, happy homemakers applied push-button technology to manufactured foods; a watershed of sorts came in 1954, the year Lipton printed the recipe for "California Dip" (whip contents with sour cream) on boxes of its Dry Onion Soup Mix. Four years later, Green Giant canned string beans first appeared on supermarket shelves en route to casseroles and stews across America. In time, modern living came to be defined as much by Jell-O and Betty Crocker's angel food cake as by TV and the automatic transmission.

Increased awareness of good nutrition makes us shy away from the processed delights of a generation ago. But **Memories** has recreated these memorable treats with fresh ingredients to soothe our consciences as well as our palates. So go ahead, indulge yourself with fab 50's food. You loved it then, you'll love it now.

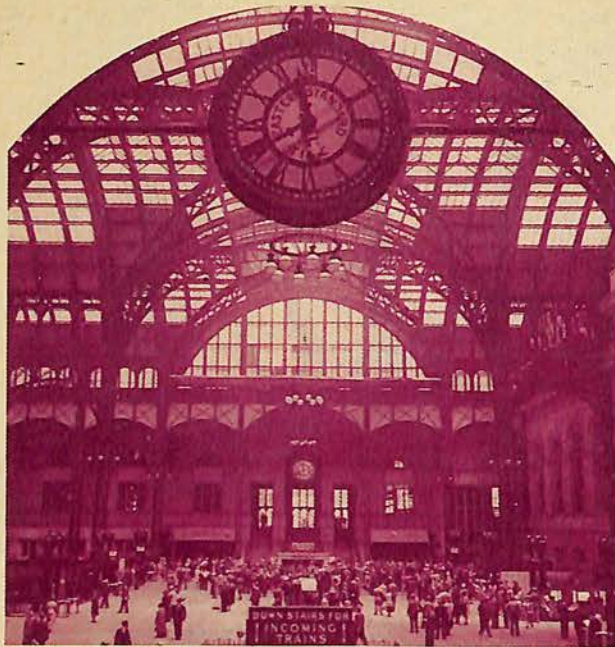
- 1 c. confectioners' sugar
- 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- ¼ c. strong coffee
- 4 eggs, separated
- 30 ladyfingers, split; or 2 packages Stella D'oro Margherite, chocolate and vanilla; or 1 8" x 4" pound cake, cut into 3" x 1" x ½" rectangles
- 1 c. crushed macaroons
- 1 c. heavy cream
- 1 Tbs. confectioners' sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 peppermint sticks, crushed

With electric mixer, cream butter

and granulated sugar until light. Set aside. In double boiler, combine 1 c. confectioners' sugar, chocolate and coffee. Cook over low heat, stirring, until chocolate is melted. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks until light. Add to chocolate and return to heat, stirring until thick and smooth. Add butter mixture and mix well. Let cool. Beat egg whites until stiff and carefully fold into chocolate mixture. Line the bottom and sides of a greased 9" x 5" x 2½" loaf pan with ladyfingers, cookies, or cake strips so that flat surfaces

face inward and sides touch. Pour half the chocolate mixture over them. Sprinkle ½ c. of the crushed macaroons over that, then cover with another layer of ladyfingers. Repeat with the rest of the chocolate, macaroons and ladyfingers. Cover with waxed paper and chill overnight. Unmold carefully onto chilled serving plate. Whip heavy cream with 1 Tbs. confectioners' sugar and vanilla. Either frost the sides and top with whipped cream, or pipe it around the bottom. Sprinkle with crushed peppermint. Serves 8.

50 Things We Miss



1. New York's Penn Station

- 18. 20th Century Limited
- 19. Bosco
- 20. Circle Pins*
- 21. Ma Bell
- 22. Double features
- 23. Penny candy
- 24. Señor Wences
- 25. The Twist
- 26. Safe Sex*
- 27. "What's My Line?"



33. Playhouse 90



- 2. The Shadow
- 3. The Lone Ranger
- 4. The Police Gazette
- 5. Charlie McCarthy

- 10. S.S. France*
- 11. Plus-fours
- 12. Ozone layer
- 13. V.W. Beetle
- 14. Classic Comics
- 15. Horlick's Malted Milk
- 16. Bonomo Turkish taffy
- 17. Amos & Andy*



28. Saturday Evening Post*



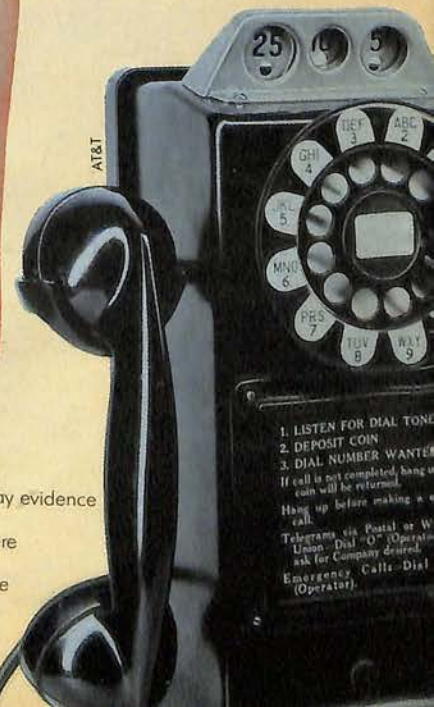
29. Woody wagons

- 34. Fizzies
- 35. Captain Midnight decoding rings



- 6. Car tailfins
- 7. Royal standard typewriters*
- 8. Running boards
- 9. Healthy Dutch Elm trees

- * 7. Underwoods
- 10. Accepted on
- 17. Not the racist
- 20. Considerable staff dissent here
- 26. Rare staff consensus
- 28. We know, but it's not the same
- 29. Spencer, too
- 41. 1988 return rumored
- 45. Editor's sentimental favorite





PETRIED

- 36. Bakelite radios
- 37. Paladin
- 38. 38¢ gallon of gas



FREDERIC LEWIS INC.

- 39. Automats



- 40. Ed Sullivan Show



- 41. Adams Black Jack chewing gum*
- 42. Hula-hoops
- 43. Milk in bottles
- 44. Burma-Shave signs
- 45. Schwinn Hornet*
- 46. Go-go boots
- 47. Queen for a Day
- 48. The Prisoner
- 49. Brooklyn Dodgers
- 50. 10¢ phone call

Good Riddance to 25 Others



LOOMIS DEAN/LIFE

- 1. Bomb shelters
- 2. Washboards
- 3. Pop-It beads
- 4. CB radios
- 5. "Groovy"
- 6. Man Tan
- 7. Dress shields
- 8. Nehru jackets
- 9. Corfam shoes
- 10. Mood rings
- 11. Red dye #2
- 12. Torpedo bras
- 13. Bouffant hairdos
- 14. Diaper pins
- 15. Blue laws
- 16. Leisure suits



PETRIED

- 17. Avocado-colored appliances



WIDE WORLD/A.P.

- 18. Platform shoes
- 19. Scratchy crinolines
- 20. Chlorophyll toothpaste
- 21. The Bo Derek look
- 22. Ford Pinto



- 23. "Smile" buttons
- 24. Butchwax



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



J.R. EVERMAN/LIFE

- 25. 3-D movies

Failed Hopes

- 1. Ampha boat car
- 2. Earth Shoes
- 3. New Coke
- 4. Electronic cottage
- 5. Halley's comet
- 6. Esperanto
- 7. Marv Thornberry
- 8. New math
- 9. War on Poverty
- 10. Edsel
- 11. Heaven's Gate
- 12. Passive reducing machines
- 13. TV-Cable Week
- 14. Susan B. Anthony dollar
- 15. Free love
- 16. U.S.F.L.
- 17. The New Mary Tyler Moore Show
- 18. Jerry Cooney
- 19. Dalkon Shield
- 20. Self-heating shaving cream
- 21. DeLorean car
- 22. Smell-O-Vision
- 23. Metric system
- 24. The "Unsuit" bathing suit
- 25. Gary Hart
- 26. Economic summits
- 27. Male birth control pills
- 28. CBS Cable
- 29. Open marriage
- 30. The Camp David Accord

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**1956
TENLEY
ALBRIGHT, U.S.**

After winning the gold medal, she went on to graduate near the top of her Harvard Medical School class. She is still performing gracefully as a surgeon and lecturer in Boston.



**1928, 1932, 1936
SONJA HENIE, NORWAY**

The original ice princess, she won three gold medals, then glided into a successful Hollywood career. Her movie greats include *One in a Million*, *Sun Valley Serenade*, *Iceland*, and *Happy Ending*. She died in 1969 at age 59.



**1988
DEBI THOMAS, U.S.**

An athlete in the Hamill tradition, Thomas is a pre-med student at Stanford. The first black skater to reach for the gold, U.S.A.'s hope wears braces and a wide, wide smile.



**1972
JANET LYNN, U.S.**

She won our hearts while losing in Sapporo, Japan. Later she suffered a serious leg injury and retired.



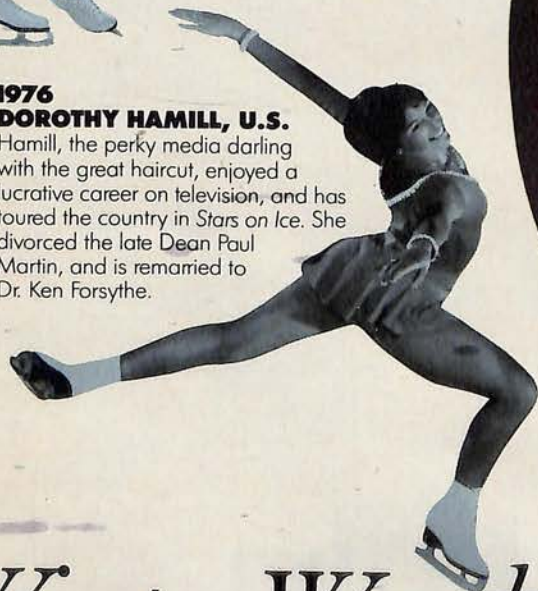
**1968
PEGGY FLEMING, U.S.**

Fleming won the only U.S. gold in 1968. She went on to make television commercials and appear in television specials. She recently retired as a skater but still appears on television as an ABC Sports commentator, a duty she'll perform at Calgary this winter.



**1976
DOROTHY HAMILL, U.S.**

Hamill, the perky media darling with the great haircut, enjoyed a lucrative career on television, and has toured the country in *Stars on Ice*. She divorced the late Dean Paul Martin, and is remarried to Dr. Ken Forsythe.



**1960
CAROL HEISS, U.S.**

She won America's first gold medal in the 1960 Games. She married Hayes Jenkins, a fellow U.S. and world champion skater, and now lives in Akron, Ohio, teaching skating.



Winter Wonders

The Winter Olympic women's figure skating competition has launched many stars. Alone on the glistening ice, a skater combines discipline and training with artistry. Some skating luminaries blaze brightly and then return to private life. Others, like Henie, Fleming for the 1988 gold medal in Calgary are East America's hope, Debi Thomas.

has launched many stars. Alone on the glistening and, if the Gods are smiling, magic takes place. return to private life. Others, like Henie, Fleming for the 1988 gold medal in Calgary are East America's hope, Debi Thomas.

A color photograph of an older man and a young woman, presumably his daughter, smiling warmly at each other. The woman is on the left, wearing a black graduation cap and gown, with her blonde hair styled in a bouffant. The man is on the right, wearing a dark suit, a light blue shirt, and a red patterned tie. The background is dark and out of focus.

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his life.

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Canon



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motor drive. And a setting called "Green Zone" makes the camera mistake-proof for beginners.

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